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FOR MOLLIE.

BY SILVIA R. THAYER.

I keep for you the brightest hope
That sweetens all my days,
That through the darkest cloud of misery loose
Where you shall reign as queen,
And if you share my hope, Mollie,
Even, darling, we shall see
That one longing is not folly,
But sweet reality.

For you I keep the kindest words
That live have learn'd to say,
And with your name, in all my thoughts
Ch, will come every day;
Ch, will come every day, darling dear,
And speak them back again!
Then all their sweetness will be clear,
Their loving meaning plain.

III.

For you I keep the gladdest song—
The song of love and life—
The song of love the noble sing
Above their happy nest.
Oh, listen, Mollie, to my rhyme,
And sing the song with me.
Our hearts shall keep the time
Of its sweet melody.

IV.

And with all take in the truest heart
That beats in mortal breast;
Ch, Mollie, darling, love I know
You will take up the song
You'll take my hopes and words, Mollie,
The happy song I sing;
You'll take my heart and hand, Mollie,
And Love's gold wedding ring.

THE CROSS OF NINONDALE.

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

TIME: Late in the autumn of 1862.
PLACE: A wagon-path in a deep wood, near the bank of the Tennessee river. The moon, which had been near the middle of the journey when the sun went down, was now touching the tree-tops at the far end of the path, and the light which she poured through the forest-aisles for the softest beholder knew that the first watch of the night was nearly spent. And, indeed, it was now an common sentinel for the fighting soon-to-be found Rebellion in a gift body upon his hit, besides revealing a pair of straps upon his shoulders, told that he was a lieutenant in the captain. A tall, lithe form, with governed all ease and grace, even in that solemn place; it face badly somewhat pale in the waning light of the silvery crescent, and quite young—young, considering the responsibility he was keened by the badge he wore, and considering, too, the needs of the hour at that time and in that region. He gazed at the moon as she hung above the tree-tops at the far end of the forward towards a large tent that lay by the side of the path a few yards behind him, where he was upon the point of seating himself when the sound of a football arrested his movement. He stood and watched until he descried a dark form emerging from the corner of an angle in the path, and then he drew a pistol and cocked it.

"Who comes there?" he cried.

"No, no, Captain; I am not in from headquarters, and thought I would take a stroll along the picket line. All's here is a seat ready at our hands."

As the colonel thus spoke he stood so that the moonbeams fell upon his face, revealing a full, manly frame; heavy shoulders; features bold, and strongly marked; the nose large and full, the mouth large, but well moulded, clear, and the firm, iron will that belongs to the fighter. His dark hair was close-cut, and the only beard was the magnificent mustache that adorned his upper lip, sweeping away in graceful curves and across either cheek. And this was Colonel Henry Wade, very soon to succeed a silver star in place of the eagle that now adorned his shoulder-straps.

The captain bodied very young by the side of his colonel; and yet the latter was a young man—only twenty-three—but the years of his manhood had been spent in the wilds of the Western forests, where he had served the government to the capacity of both civil and military engineer; and where he had fought many a battle in the war-path of the mercenary savage. Well and truly had he learned the warrior use. Old, and young, and silent, and inexperienced was the captain by his side; and yet, as they stood together upon that log, the stern-visaged veteran regarded his companion with marked respect, and in his manner was to be observed that easy familiarity that the possession of command only exhibits towards those who have won their spurs in battle.

"How long since you have visited the outer line of our pickets?" asked the colonel, after they had seated themselves.

"I have just come in, sir. We have twenty cavalry-men in advance, and I found all well on the alert."

"And what of the enemy?"

"I saw the glimmering of their expiring camp-fires, and can announce that they are quiet."

"But it won't be so quiet when the day breaks, boy. We shall have some, and you will have a chance to christen your sword. How does it strike you, Appleton? There they are, an army of savage, eager men, led by officers who have how to fight; in numbers fully equal to our own; and we shall be attacked, I will attack us in the morning. How will you like it? Don't you begin to wish you were safe home?"

George Appleton looked up into the face of his colonel; but the light of the moon had faded him, and he could not see the expression that rested there, but the voice had been kind and sympathetic, and he was not offended.

"Colonel Ward," he said, "I trouble's have liked that another man should have asked me that; but I know you can judge me for what I am. I am young, and I have a mother whom I love with all the ardor—a devotion whose nil of life is bound up in me. God knows I would die here for that beloved mother, and for my country. Why should I shrink? I believe I shall not shrink. I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid to be a coward."

"My dear boy," cried Ward, grasping the youth's hand, "I would not question courage and devotion I would leave the service to-morrow, for I should stand every inch in the army. You did not understand me, George. I only meant to say that I should like to be a mercy, and a most be a source one for the enemy before us not only means fight, but it is a fighting crew, led by fighting officers, and I had a curiosity to know how you felt."

"I'll tell you how I felt," retorted Appleton. "I feel a heavy weight upon me. For the life of me I cannot put in the feeling which grew birth to song and jest. I am almost oppressed with the thought that I am to be the cause of bring that even upon me. I feel as if my position of one who has a stern yet painful duty to perform. But it is a duty, and I shall perform it to the best of my ability."

"George," said the colonel, after a little pause, "do you know that I am puzzled to account for your presence here. I know how you loved your mother, and I know how much you were with her. I know that your expended years you for her sake, and then when I remember that you had just begun to rise in your profession—that people were just beginning to look upon George Appleton as an eminent—I confess that I think of all the circumstances attending your situation, I am at a loss to understand how you came to throw yourself into the ranks as a soldier."

"Not exactly into the ranks, my dear Colonel," returned George, in a tone which betrayed deep feeling, "I came by invitation."

"You know Judge Wainwright offered me a commission six months before I finally decided to accept it."

"Yes," added Ward; "he knew that you were one of the most thorough militia officers in the country, and he thought that you had a command as an engineer. But I cannot

"let us see what sort of artillerymen we can make! Set this gun; it is all loaded. Clap grape into the empty ones! Lively now! Lively, and the day is ours!"

The distance was a grand one for grape, and at the very first shot, which Appleton made with his own hands, having with his own eyes sighted the piece—sighted it far enough ahead so as to catch the lanyard and draw when the object came in range,—at this first shot the enemy's line staggered, for it struck them upon the flank, and the iron eggs went crashing through the length of a whole company.

What a strange make-up of emotion and passion is man! Only half an hour ago these men were shuddering at the sight of death; praying God that the battle might cease without further bloodshed; watching every fiery shell, and dodging at the whistle of every bullet; and now they work there upon the hill, serving the guns they have captured; work like so many demons, shouting for joy when they see the serried host breaking up under their merciless fire; working on, recking not a whit for the bullets that shriek their death-whistle in their ears,—intent only on sweeping away a mass of brother-men!

And they do it. Their aim is sure; they serve the guns with skill; ammunition is handy; and ere the advancing, yelling host is half way across the plain half its numbers have bitten the dust, and the remainder turn and flee. And from that moment the battle is over, all else being flight and pursuit.

So much had our hero seen of the Battle of Broad River; and so much had he done towards the victory which had been gained. The names of generals went to Washington with high-sounding praise; and well did they deserve it—those who laid the plans that resulted so favorably. And honorable mention was made of George Appleton in the report of his brigadier. But it was never said that but for Capt. Appleton the day at Broad River might have been lost to the Federal arms. And yet that thing might have been said, and the record would not have been a false one!

It was late in the day when the worn and weary men had come in from the chase; and then came the burying of the dead, and the bringing in of the wounded who had not yet been taken from the field. It was a sad and mournful task; and many a true heart, beating beneath a private's humble blouse, became the fount of prayers as fervent and as solemn as ever came from the lips of the commissioned chaplain. The night was well advanced when the last sod had been laid above the resting-place of the fallen brave; and then came sleep, sound and refreshing. When the morning dawned it was evident that the enemy had pushed away in haste to the southward; and having made provision for his wounded and his prisoners, the commander started on in pursuit, with scouts of cavalry on the flanks and in front.

Night came again, and found our army upon the northern bank of a broad tributary of the Tennessee, across which the enemy had made their way in safety, leaving only the charred and smoking timbers of the bridge that had borne them over to greet the eyes of their eager pursuers.

"Never mind," cried Col. Ward. "They won't gain a great deal. While they sleep I will throw a bridge across this stream that will answer our purpose." And he was as good as his word. With five hundred men to help him, and with the assistance of a few good boats which they picked up, the thing was so far accomplished that by the time the next day's sun was two hours high the artillery was all over.

But the bridge is getting ahead of us, as those who were to cross it got ahead of our hero.

[illegible] Appleton [illegible] at midnight [illegible] relief guards, and [illegible] old instinct that the call meant him, he started up. But the pleasant remembrance that he had not been detailed very soon restrained his hurried movements, and he was about to crawl back under his blanket again when Col. Ward entered the tent.

"Eh? Is the bridge done, Colonel?"

"Not yet, Captain; but we're progressing famously. I've only come up after a little ammunition. It's rather chilly work in the water."

The colonel opened a camp chest and took therefrom a demijohn, and as he turned to depart the captain laid himself once more upon his greensward bed, but not to close his eyes. He had barely drawn his blanket up over his shoulders when he heard voices outside. Some one had stopped the colonel, and the first words he distinctly caught, as he raised himself upon his elbow, were:

"We want the best man we've got, Colonel, and I think you can tell us where he is." It was the voice of Gen. Wilson's adjutant.

"Who is he?"

"The captain who took the double battery at Broad River—Appleton."

"Aye, you're right. He is the best man of his years in the army, and he's under a blanket in this very tent. What's up now?"

"I don't know, Colonel. I only know that the general wants him."

"I'll call him."

So Ward came back, and found our hero already upon his feet.

"Wilson wants you, my boy. If it's a scouting expedition, remember and keep the middle of the path always. Keep both eyes open, and trust nothing that isn't under your hand. Don't skulk in the deep shadows, thinking thereby to get on without being seen, for the foe can skulk twice to your once, and always take you on the dark side."

Appleton promised his colonel that he would act with circumspection, let the duty be what it would; and having put on his blouse and buckled on his sword, he went out and accompanied the adjutant to the quarters of Gen. Wilson, where he found several other officers, while at the end of the mess-board which served for a table stood a young negro, who, Appleton knew, was a stranger in the army. Brief compliments were passed, and then Wilson presented the business.

"Captain Appleton, this boy has just made his way to our camp, and he informs us that, not far away up the stream, is Captain Clymer, of Thorne's Rangers, with nearly a hundred slaves which he has run away from different plantations, and which are to be put to work upon the enemy's fortifications at Darnton. Clymer has only thirty of his own men with him, and this boy assures me that the negroes will fight against them if they find a party come to set them free. Will you go and bring that whole mess of calamity into camp?"

"I'll try, sir," was Appleton's prompt and simple reply.

"That's the talk. How many men have you left of your own company?"

"Fifty-eight fit for duty, sir."

"And that is enough. I think there is no doubt about this fellow's honesty."

The negro was a fine-looking fellow, purely black, clean and tidy, of medium height and very strongly built, and apparently about one-and-twenty. Ever since Appleton had entered the tent the gaze of the contraband had been fixed upon him with a sort of vacant, wondering stare, his eyes and his mouth wide open, and not a sign of relief to the absorbing gaze until the general thus alluded to his honesty. At these words he started, and presently said:

"Dis yere body—dese hands, an' dis whole boy—b'longs to Mas'r St. Denis. So my fader b'longs to Mas'r St. Denis. Captain Clymer's got almost a hundred ob us—picked up in different places—an' my poor fader's among 'um. He's only got t'irty men 'sides hisself, an' he t'inks he's safe in de old house. I don't b'lieve he knows I'm gone yet. Here I is. If dar's been a lie, you ken kill me. I know de risk I run berry well, an' if I must die, I'll die on de side ob liberty, please God! I wouldn't hab 'tray'd Mas'r Clymer if he hadn't done dis t'ing. But he's a dreffful wicked man."

"I know him," said Wilson "and I am not afraid to trust you. You are very sure that Clymer has no other men at hand?"

"His hab'n oder men, Mas'r Gen'ril, is sartinly unpossible; 'kase he's been left behind purpose to bring dise yere slaves up to Darnton. He hasn't got not'in' to do wid de army you's arter."

Appleton asked a few questions; and more than once the negro, who had given his name as Dave St. Denis, forgot to answer in his still absorbing gaze into the young captain's face, and at length our hero demanded:

"Say, boy—what do you find about me that interests you so much?"

"I's tryin' to t'ink whar Ise seed you afore, mas'r."

"Then you think you've seen me before?"

"Yes—'pears to me sartin I hab."

"How far north have you ever been?"

"Nebber no farder 'n I be now."

"Then you never saw me until now."

The negro shook his head, evidently unwilling to believe the assertion of the Federal officer against the evidence of his own senses; but he was now inclined to attend to business, and ere long Capt. Appleton went away to make his preparations, taking the contraband with him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GHOSTS, SIR.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Well," said Mr. Budd, smiling amiably as the woman who had been showing him the little village house which he was about to hire, locked the door behind them and put on her sunbonnet—"well, I can't say that I see any objection to the house for a small family of two and a baby. Do you, now?"

"There is generally some objection that folks don't notice at first," replied the woman, with a peculiar expression of countenance.

"Come, now," said Mr. Budd. "Don't you think you ought to mention them, if you know any?"

"Well," replied the woman, examining the door-key carefully, as though she had never seen it before—"well, sir, sometimes I think I ought, and sometimes I think I hadn't ought to; but you are a stranger here, and you don't look as if you'd tell on me, for I get a little bit for showing the house and keeping of it dusted; and I need everything I get, with my husband mostly off on sprees, and four children; but if you'll promise not to say *I* told—"

"You may rely on me," said Mr. Budd. "Certainly, it will be doing me a favor, and—by the way—here's something to buy some candy for the children," and he slipped a dollar note into her hand.

"Oh! thank you, sir!" said the poor woman. "I'm sure your're too kind, and I feel it my duty to tell *you*. The house is haunted, sir; and no matter who says it isn't, don't believe 'em."

Mr. Budd repressed a smile.

"Now, my dear woman," he said, "did you ever see the ghost?"

"I've heard him," said the woman, "that's enough for *me*. You know there is but one good bedroom in the house. You've got to sleep there. The servants have one over the kitchen, but there's only one over the parlor and dining-room. There was where old Mr. Pickrel was murdered, and there he groans every night. It was ten years ago, but as the clock strikes eleven he begins it. Such deep, horrid groans, sir, as you wouldn't believe was possible for a sperit. Folks in the town wouldn't live there for nothin' you could offer, and when strangers hires it they goes at once. One night is enough for them. Oh, please, sir, say the folks at the hotel told you. They might hev done it, for they tell everybody. Say, if you please, 'twas some one at the hotel. The agent wouldn't say nothin' to [illegible]."

"I'll be careful," said Mr. Budd. "I don't believe in ghosts myself, but I'm obliged to you. My wife might be nervous. I shan't allow the agent to know *you* said a word. Good-by."

Away hurried Mr. Budd and found the agent busy at his desk in his office. A long-featured man, with a decided aroma of whisky about him and the smile of a shark.

"Well," he said, blandly, "you've seen the house. Like it?"

"It's a cosy little box enough for the summer," said Mr. Budd, "and not too much room for visitors, which is an advantage sometimes; but—it's very absurd—what is it they mean at the hotel—"

"Oh! they've told you the ghost story, I suppose," said the agent. "*You* take no stock in nonsense of that sort, I hope. *I* don't."

"Well, I certainly do not," said Mr. Budd; "but if there is anything mysterious my wife won't like it."

At this the agent became sarcastic, and Mr. Budd felt extremely foolish, and finally hired the house and determined to keep the ghost story to himself.

Accordingly the furniture was sent over, a servant installed, and Mrs. Budd and the baby came down by the train the day after everything was settled.

The tiny house charmed the little woman; so did the garden, the smooth, well-kept road winding away like a smooth brown ribbon, and the pretty glimpse of river to be had from the porch. The houses just there were built two together, gardens on either side, so that, small as they were, they looked quite important. A stout German gentleman was smoking his pipe on his porch, and as the evening set in Mr. Budd resolved to scrape acquaintance. The German was friendly, and finally Mr. Budd mentioned the ghost.

"Vell," replied the old gentleman, shrugging his shoulders, "I dink it is all some foolishness. I never hear nodings. My vife she hear nodings. We goes to our beds at den o'clock, and shleeps undil Katrina shakes us avake. Ve is bot heavy shleepers. Vell, I say drink a little lager before you goes to bed, and if dot ghost comes he not vaken you mit his groans. Eh? I guess he vas de chimney vane blowin' mit de vind."

Mr. Budd examined the vane and oiled it, and when supper was over and the light lit, began to feel that the house was too cozy for the habitation of a ghost. At ten Mrs. Budd carried the baby up stairs, and Mr. Budd promised to follow when he had read his paper through. It was eleven before he finished, and he had just seen to the bolts, and was about to turn out the light, when his wife, wrapped in a cloak, and clasping the baby in her arms, crept into the room, pale and trembling, and with her teeth chattering in her head.

"Oh, Ben, my dear!" she cried. "Thank Heaven, there is nothing the matter with you. Some one is being murdered, I'm sure. I am afraid it is Ann. Oh, what shall we do?"

Mr. Budd, nearly as white as his wife, dashed open the door leading to the passage and ran up the kitchen stairs. A cry of "Saints protect us!" was heard, and he returned to the parlor.

"Ann was quietly asleep until I wakened her," he said. "I'll go up stairs and see what it is. Stay here."

But Mrs. Budd, vowing she would not be left alone, followed him.

The little bedroom, bright with pink and blue chintz, and white spreads and curtains, should have been the most peaceful place on earth, but it was at the moment full of the most fearful sounds that ever fell on mortal ear. Horrible groans, long-drawn ohs! Then gurgles and gaspings! Then silence for a moment, only to make the renewed moanings more terrible.

In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Budd, having listened to these awful sounds for some time, retreated to the parlor, and there sat until morning, Mr. Budd having confessed to the fact of the story connected with the house.

"But you know, Kitty, I couldn't believe in ghosts, and I don't now, of course," he added, by way of moral.

"Well, I am convinced, for one," faltered Mrs. Budd. "That *could* be nothing but some one being murdered. And since no one is being murdered, of course it is a—a—manifestation."

This was said as the dawn was breaking and the groans had ended with what seemed the sounds of a fearful struggle, and a loud "Ah, God!"

After breakfast Mr. Budd, weary with his vigil, set out to call on his landlord and give up the house.

The landlord was out and a placard on his door announced that he was not to be back for a week. Mr. Budd returned wearily and consulted with his wife, and since no harm had been done them he decided to have a mattress brought down into the parlor and try one night more. Meanwhile they might find another house, and if the rent must be lost, it must, that was all.

But no other house was to let within the village or outside it. Summer guests thronged the place, and night fell, and the Budds saw the darkness come with terror in their hearts. Mrs. Budd, however, fell asleep on the improvised mattess, and her husband, armed with a lantern, crept up stairs to listen to the ghost again.

He was worse than before, for he gasped more, but as Mr. Budd grew calmer it occurred to him that the sound was not in the room. He crossed it and laid his ear to the wall. The fearful noise came from the next house. Perhaps the German was playing ghost to lower the value of the property and buy it cheap. The roof of the portico was beneath the open window. Mr. Budd slipped softly out upon it and crept toward his neighbor's casement.

It was wide open. A lamp stood on the chamber mantle-piece and its light fell upon a great oaken bedstead and two night-capped heads reposing on fat pillows. From the large noses connected with these heads proceeded the most fearful snores ever heard by mortal ear. These were the sounds that had driven tenant after tenant from the adjoining house and given it the reputation of being haunted.

Mrs. Budd slept sweetly—Mr. Budd listened until Katrina, the servant, went through the process of shaking her master and mistress awake, and heard his neighbor utter his morning moan of Ach Gott, which we trust was devoutly meant, and then descended to relieve Mrs. Budd's mind; but though the ghost was laid, it was impossible to sleep in the pretty blue and pink bedroom. Their neighbor's snores drove slumber away as certainly as supernatural cries of murder could, and the Budds went back to town in a fortnight.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

The period at which our story opens was that of the American clipper ships; an era of glory for the merchant marine of this country which it looks, alas! as if we should never see again. It was a time when sailing vessels competed with steamers in speed; when sea-captains were gentlemen, and their crews the finest sailors that ploughed the waves.

Captain Joshua Griffin sat in the parlor of his comfortable home in New York. The captain was an elderly man, small and spare, with a bright, glittering eye, and a firm mouth. In every line of his features was written the record of tempests and dangers successfully met and overcome. He was the principal owner in, and for many years commander of the ship *Osprey*, a vessel of 750 tons, and one of the finest clippers afloat. A year before he had given up the sea, and had been succeeded in his command of the *Osprey* by his first mate, Charles Lester, a young man of thirty. The old captain and the young captain were now seated together in the former's parlor, talking over a voyage to San Francisco, on [illegible] the *Osprey* was to sail the next day.

"And may [illegible]," said the young man, continuing [illegible], "that on my return [illegible] withhold your consent to my marriage with your daughter, Annie?"

"Oh! never mind that; let us talk business," hurriedly replied Captain Griffin, as his face became grave.

"Captain," returned Charles Lester, earnestly, "you have put me off, on one pretence or another, for nearly two years. You know that Annie and I love each other devotedly. Why will you keep us apart?"

"What have you got to support a wife on?" said the old captain, gruffly.

"I have my position as captain of the *Osprey*, and some few dollars laid by for a rainy day."

"Humph! For all you know you may make a mess of this very voyage."

"You have seen enough of me to judge whether I am anything of a sailor or not. You yourself recommended me for captain."

"Oh! you were a good enough mate, and have done very well as captain, so far."

"Well, if I bring the *Osprey* back safe, and in good trim, from this voyage, may I claim the hand of your daughter as my reward?"

"Lester, you seek to take from me the comfort and joy of my old age. Her mother has, as you know, long been dead. She alone remains to me."

"In my marriage with Annie you will gain a son, not lose a daughter."

The old captain meditated for a moment, and then replied:

"It is now the twenty-fourth of September. You sail at daybreak to-morrow. The ship *Flying Cloud* made the voyage from here to San Francisco recently in eighty-four days. You should be able to make it in one hundred and six days at least, which will bring you there on December twentieth. Two weeks will be time enough for you to discharge your cargo and take in another; so on the fourth of January I shall expect you to sail on your homeward-bound trip. On April twentieth I shall expect the *Osprey* to drop anchor in this port. The wedding breakfast will be ready at noon of the same day, and the clergyman and bride waiting."

"The bridegroom will not keep them waiting long. Good-bye, sir," said the young captain.

"Good-bye. God speed you on your way, and bring the *Osprey* and her captain home safe and on time."

* * * * *

"Across the Western Ocean," sang the crew of the good ship *Osprey*, as they sheeted home the topsails the next morning, and the vessel, with a good whole-sail breeze, went bounding over the waters of the bright September sea.

"If we hold this breeze for a few days, Mr. Thompson, it will give us a good start," said Captain Lester, who was walking up and down the quarter-deck, to his first mate, who was standing near.

"Yes, sir. And if we get by Hatteras all right, and don't get a gale off the Horn, we'll be in 'Frisco on time."

"We'll give Hatteras a wide berth, and take our chances at the Horn."

The winds and the waves seemed to be in league with the brave young captain, and with the exception of one squally day off Cape Horn, the *Osprey* had good weather and favoring breezes. She made some remarkable runs, and on December eighteenth passed through the Golden Gate and dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, two days ahead of time.

Before sailing from New York Charles Lester had taken a fond farewell of Annie Griffin. She was full of confidence that her lover would accomplish the task set him by her father, but nevertheless her blue eyes filled with tears and her lips faltered as she said good-bye. Never a fairer lass with brighter eyes had a sailor for a love, and as surely as the needle of the compass pointed to the magnetic pole, the heart of Charles Lester turned toward his love and saw her dear eyes guiding him amid the darkest nights across the most tempestuous seas.

Now, the *Osprey* was in San Francisco, and her captain hurried forward her unlading and lading with all the impatience of a lover whose promised bride awaited him on the other side of the continent. On the 30th of December the *Osprey* sailed for home, again four days ahead of the time counted upon by Captain Griffin. All went well until the vicinity of Cape Horn was reached, the vessel not being obliged to reef topsails but once on the run down the Pacific coast and much of the time carrying her royals and sky-sails.

"If this wind holds we will see Cape Horn to-morrow," remarked the captain.

"Yes, sir," replied the mate; "but I am afraid we shall have snow before night."

The sky was rapidly becoming overcast, and about four o'clock in the afternoon the mate's fears were realized, and a blinding snow-storm set in. The wind increased to half a gale and a tremendous sea began to roll up from the north-west, from which direction the wind was blowing. The vessel went tearing along through the thickly falling snow, with the waves striking her every now and then under her counter with a force that sent her shooting ahead and half buried her in a smother of foam and a cloud of spray.

It was the last of the summer in these latitudes, but the air was biting cold, and the spray froze on the decks and on the rigging. Several times the first mate suggested that the light sails be taken in and the topsails reefed. Captain Lester finally consented, and a little while after the wind increased so much that it was dangerous to run before it any longer, and the ship was laid-to.

Captain Lester was wild with impatience at the delay. Still he was four days ahead of time and could afford to lose a few hours. At nightfall the snow ceased and a cold rain set in. The wind and the sea were something terrific. Just enough sail was kept on the ship to hold her head to the wind. Great masses of green water poured constantly over her bows, and the vessel labored heavily. Every minute those on board feared that the ship would broach to. Her decks were swept fore and aft, the boats were carried away and the foremast frightfully strained. Captain Lester stood on deck, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, shouting out orders to the half frozen sailors who were doing their best to save the ship. An hour before, when the storm first became dangerous, his face had worn an expression of anxiety. Now his whole being was aroused to grapple with the danger, and high resolve and daring was in his every look and tone. The foremast, as has been stated, was already weakened, and the captain ordered the men to bend on some extra stays to prevent it toppling over. Just then came a fiercer gust of wind, a more tremendous sea, and the mast went by the board, falling over the port-bow. This dragged the head of the ship around, and she broached to and was thrown on her beam ends. But the *Osprey* was a staunch ship, and, the mast being cut free, she soon righted. There being no head-sail now, however, she could not be brought up into the wind again. The only thing left (for it would not do to let the vessel lie there in the trough of the sea) was to try and make her pay off before the wind and then scud. Could any vessel, however well built or staunch, scud in such a sea as that? There was no alternative; it must be done. With some difficulty she was got before the wind, and, though every minute Captain Lester expected that some great wave would come thundering over the stern and send the ship to the bottom, the gallant craft rose on the angry seas and seemed as if she, too, were endowed with reason and fighting for life. Several small waves did, indeed, come aboard, one breaking in the doors of the after companionway and filling the cabin with water. So all that terrible night the good ship *Osprey* drove through the storm. But never once did she lose hope. Danger is said to "fly from the uplifted sword," and it seemed as if before the stout heart of Charles Lester even the fury of the elements were powerless; for when the morning dawned the storm had passed away, and only the huge waves rolling across the surface of the sea told that it had been there. The sailors worked all day rigging up a jury foremast. The sea went down, and a south-west wind sprang up that sent the ship along with a rapidity that brought Cape Horn in sight the next morning. A succession of fair winds carried the ship on her homeward way. Her runs were fair, but the fact that she was sailing under a jury foremost prevented her making as good time as she had on her outward bound trip. The four days which had been gained had not made up for this delay, and when Captain Lester took his observations, on the 19th of April, he was 420 miles from New York. Then, for the first time, his heart failed.

"It is no use," said he, throwing himself in despair on the lounge in the cabin; "the ship never can make 420 in 24 hours."

"The ship *Flying Cloud*," returned Mr. Thompson, the first mate, "made a run of 433¼ in 24 hours once."

"It is no use, no use!" repeated the captain, in a husky voice. "This ship is not the *Flying Cloud*, nor is she in the tail of a cyclone, as that ship was."

Just then there was a sound, shouting and running about on deck, mingled with the noise of flapping sails, and the sharp "whir" of the blocks.

"They are taking in sail," exclaimed Captain Lester, as he rushed on deck, followed by the first mate. He found that a squall was rushing down from the south-east, and that the second mate, seeing it coming, had taken in most of the light sails and was about to reef topsails.

"Never mind the topsails!" shouted the captain. "Rig preventer back-stays on the fore and main masts, and keep her dead before the wind."

The sea was comparatively smooth, and Captain Lester's spirit rose as he saw the storm come sweeping down across the water. If the ship's masts and sails would hold there was yet a chance to reach New York on April 20th. When the storm struck the *Osprey*, the vessel gave one great bound forward, and it seemed as if the masts or sails must give way under the strain. They held, however, and the ship went tearing along with frightful velocity. The captain seemed to put his whole soul into this wild race against time. The sailors, under his direction, worked with alacrity, hauling on this brace, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

All the rest of that day and all night the vessel flew before the gale toward Sandy Hook, and when, on the morning of the 20th of April, the joyful sound of "Land ho!" rang from the lookout at the bows, there was enough wind still blowing to take the ship up to New York in good style, and as the clock of Trinity Church was striking eleven the *Osprey* dropped anchor off the Battery.

You may be sure that Charles Lester made short work of getting ashore, and that he was not long in reaching the residence of Captain Griffin. There was no time for him to change his clothes, even; so all fresh from the ocean, with crystals of salt caught from the flying spray in his beard and the bloom of the morning sea in his face, he rushed into the parlor of Captain Griffin's house and clasped his Annie in a fond embrace.

"Well, sir, you've won the race," said the old captain, taking out his watch. "I am proud to have you for a son-in-law. The carriage is at the door to take us to the church. Don't say anything about putting on your good clothes. How better can a sailor be married than in his sea-boots? I smell the wedding breakfast cooking in the kitchen now. The guests must be already at the church. Let us go."

How to Disarm an Enemy.

It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is imbued with honey. Hence those who are much exposed to the venom of these little creatures, when they have occasion to hive bees, or take a nest of wasps, smear their face and hands with honey, which is found to be the best preventive. When we are annoyed with insult, persecution, and opposition from perverse and malignant men, the best defence against their venom is to have the spirit bathed in honey. Let every part be saturated with meekness, gentleness, forbearance, and patience, and the most spiteful enemy will be disappointed in his endeavors to inflict a sting.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A PAINTER'S PUNCTUATION.—At the door of a certain hat store in New York hangs the sign, "We block your hat, while you wait for fifty cents." Therein entered a countryman, the other day, and answered affirmatively to the question of hat-blocking. The work was performed, and he was asked if he would have anything else in the hat line. He replied in the negative, but continued to "hang around," as though something was unsaid. At last the hatter asked what he was waiting for. "Waiting for that fifty cents," said he. He didn't get it. The painter had misplaced the comma.

THE LAWYERS AND THEIR CLIENTS.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" said the losing client, "how come you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" said one, "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

IT is recorded that Daniel Webster was once accosted by a boorish backwoodsman, who asked, in an off-hand way: "Is this Mr. Webster?" "Yes, sir." "The great Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts?" "I am that same Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts." "Well, sir, I heard that you were a great man," quoth the stranger; "but I don't think so: I heard your speech, and understood every word you said."

EFFEMINACY REBUKED.—The late Dr. Archer, of London, dining once at a friend's, met there an effeminate stripling, who wore his hair in girlish length down upon his shoulders. On taking leave, the old doctor went up to Young Languish, and playfully tossing in his hand one of the youth's long locks, thus addressed him, laying a very strong emphasis on the first word:

"*Man* wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little *long*."

THE editor of a paper in Illinois says: "A printer last week proposed to go into partnership with us. His name is Doolittle. The firm's name would sound very bad either way you put it: 'Steal and Do Little,' or 'Do Little and Steal.' We can't jine. One of us would soon be in the poor-house and the other in the penitentiary."

A MISSOURI lawyer, having lost his case, asked for a new trial, which the judge denied, at the same time remarking: "The court and jury think the prisoner a knave and fool." The lawyer replied: "My client wishes me to say that he is perfectly satisfied, as he is now sure that he has been *tried by a court and jury of his peers*."

"MY dear," said a husband to his good, simple wife—"My dear, why can I not go out without catching a cold in my head?" The good, simple wife, after reflecting a moment, replied: "I don't know why you always take cold in your head, John, unless it's because you always go out without anything in it."

"YOU are the most stuck-up chap I ever saw," remarked a young lady to a youth whom she met at a candy-making party, to which he retorted: "And you are just as sweet as you are candied."

A LADY having listened with delight to a speech by Senator Douglass—the "Little Giant"—on meeting him, said: "Mr. Douglass, I wish you were taller;" to which he instantly responded, with a courtly bow: "My dear madam, I should be happy to *stand higher in your estimation*."

A YANKEE peddler, driving a large wagon, overtaking another in a small, neat vehicle, asked him what he was carrying. "Drugs," was the reply. "Go ahead!" cried the first speaker; "you'll fix things for me. I carry tombstones!"

A GENTLEMAN received an unpaid letter commencing: "Sir, your note of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." He answered: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

"Is it true, Ned, that the girl you married was a millionaire?" asked a young man of his recently wedded friend, who answered: "No, John; she was something better than a millionaire; she was a milliner."

IT is very certain that the person who accepts the following charge will have no sinecure: "Wanted, a lion trainer. A competent person to train and perform a group of young lions."

"ISN'T it about time you paid me that bill?" said a tradesman to a customer, who replied: "It is not a question of *time*, my dear sir, but of *money*."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A PRETTY German girl, named Amelia Leuchte, was recently arrested on a charge of poisoning a whole family named Thayer, who live in Cleveland, Ohio. She was employed there as a servant, but was discharged by Mrs. Thayer. On Sunday every member of the family was taken seriously ill, and were with difficulty saved from dying. It is claimed that the girl returned and emptied a box of rat poison into the flour barrel for revenge at her discharge. The girl maintains that she is innocent of the charge made against her.

A STEAM boiler connected with a tannery in Rochester, N. H., exploded one afternoon last week with a detonation that is said to have been heard for miles, whereby four persons were badly injured and four others killed. The boiler was hurled some distance, passing through a brick wall and the base of a chimney ninety feet high. The chimney fell with a crash and buried a man in its ruins.

BENJAMIN F. LAWRENCE, a coachman at Greens Farms, Conn., attended a wedding at that place the other night, and while waiting for the bride and groom took occasion to exercise his horses. The team ran away, dashed down an embankment, upset the vehicle, and threw the driver into a stream of water. He was unable to extricate himself, and was drowned.

THE boiler attached to the range in the house of Frank Sherwood, at Long Island City, exploded the other morning, killing Charles Sherwood, aged five, fatally injuring Kellogg Sherwood, and burning their mother terribly. She will probably lose her sight. Everything in the room was destroyed. It is supposed that the water in the boiler had frozen.

MRS. MARY LEMMONS, of Evansville, Ind., was badly burned one night lately while attempting to put up a stove-pipe. She placed an oil lamp on the stove, which overturned and exploded, setting her clothing on fire and burning her body and face in a shocking manner. Her husband was badly burned in attempting to extinguish the flames.

THE Rev. Emanuel Burik, an itinerant German Catholic priest, was struck and instantly killed by a fast passenger train, twenty-five miles west of Adams station, N. J., on Thursday night of last week. He was walking on the track, apparently unaware of the train's approach. His neck was broken. He was about fifty years old.

THE other day, Henry Jason, a Portuguese farmer of Suffolk county, L. I., attempted to murder Erastus Halsey, who called at his house to collect taxes. Jason inflicted two terrible wounds on Halsey's head with an axe and then escaped. He attempted to kill his two daughters a year ago.

A FAMILY named Kendall, consisting of five persons, living at Valley Station, Ky., were all poisoned recently by accidentally eating a preparation purchased for the purpose of killing rats. It was at first thought they would all die, but by strenuous exertions their lives were saved.

ONE day last week, at Egg Harbor, N. J., Robert Roehl invited Augustus Rosenberger to a shooting match at his father's farm. The body of Rosenberger was found the next day hidden away, and his watch and money were gone. Roehl was missing.

A WAITER in a hotel at Elizabeth, N. J., aged seventeen, went with a lighted candle at night to the room of a guest who had recently come from Germany, and the man supposing the boy had come to rob him, drew a pistol and shot him dead.

EVANS HARMON was killed and William Harmon and Robert Lamar fatally and several others seriously wounded in a row at Water Valley, Miss., on Wednesday of last week. The man who instigated the row escaped unhurt.

ONE morning recently three children of George Graham, of Brooklyn, were poisoned by eating griddle cakes, and their mother was so shocked by the occurrence that she was taken ill and died the next day.

THE Rev. W. J. Crombleholm, who was on a visit to this country from England, was stricken with paralysis while on an express train from New York to Boston, and died soon after reaching the latter city.

A WEAVER, named John Shay, at work in Georgiaville, R. I., having had a dispute with his wife, cut her throat with a razor, inflicting a fatal wound, and then killed himself with the same implement.

WILLIAM FRALIX, a son of the city jailer, in Chattanooga, Tenn., accidentally shot his brother through the head, on Saturday of last week, and killed him instantly.

BEAUTY THAT WILL LAST.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Give me beauty that will last
After youth's bright years are past;
After summer roses fade
From the cheeks of man and maid.

Something finer than the hue
Of the eye's most perfect blue,
Or the subtle, witching shine
Of the black orbs most divine.

Let it be the quenchless ray
Born of kindness, that will stay
When the color we admire
Shall have lost its transient fire.

Fadeless charms, that are not lost
When the hair is touched by frost;
When the furrowed lines of care
Mark the brow that once was fair.

What are lips of ruby red
That no kindly words have said?
What are hands as white as snow
That have done no good below?

What the fair and graceful form
That enshrines no spirit warm?
No fond heart that scatters wide
Smiles and sunshine o'er life's tide.

Priceless beauty of the soul!
This shall live while ages roll,
And therein beams love and grace
Like unto an angel's face.

Give us beauty that will last
After youth's bright years are past;
After joy, and care and pain
Like to sunshine after rain.

DESERTED;

OR,

The Darling of Her Father's Heart.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE EVIL GENIUS," "THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN," &c., &c.

[We here give a synopsis of that portion of this story which has already been published, so that *new* readers of the *Ledger* can begin with this installment and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning: Inez de Castro was the only child of Don José de Castro, a Cuban planter of great wealth. Her mother, a New England lady, died when Inez was born. As the girl grew to womanhood she became surpassingly beautiful and selfwilled. Her father wished her to marry Don Alonzo D'Olivera, the decrepit heir to a dukedom, but Inez was determined to wed Wilton Clayton, a young South Carolinian, whom she had kept dangling after her for years. Don José one day showed her an American newspaper which contained an account of Clayton's marriage to Bessie Moore, a young girl who, while he was suffering from a wound, had nursed him in her mother's cottage to which he had been taken. This news filled Inez with anguish, for she loved Clayton passionately and knew that he loved her the same. She forthwith wrote him a letter, saying her father was ill and resolved that she should marry Don D'Olivera, and promising if Clayton would come to her to marry him at once. Clayton received this letter the very day he returned to his Carolina home (called Esperanza) with his innocent little wife, of whom he had already grown weary. Her mother had died, the wandering clergyman who married them had gone to parts unknown, and there were no witnesses of the marriage. Clayton told Bessie that he would never own her as his wife, but was going to Inez, whom he loved; and after informing his superintendent that Bessie was not his wife, but his ward, he hastily left Esperanza for Cuba. When he arrived at the residence of Don José, the old man, nearly blind and deaf, and at death's door, had ordered Inez to be ready to marry D'Olivera, who was expected that day. Inez, aided by the family physician, Dr. Levas, and also by the priest, as well as by her devoted maid, Juanita, had arranged to marry Clayton, as though he were D'Olivera. The deception was successfully practiced upon Don José, who died almost immediately after the marriage ceremony was performed. Inez seized upon the death of her father as a pretext for remaining secluded in her room. She had not told Clayton that she knew of his marriage with Bessie Moore, and he supposed her to be ignorant of it. She was plotting a scheme of vengeance upon that deserted wife, and wanted to bring Clayton to a state in which she could mould him to her wishes. So she left him in suspense for many days by her seclusion, and finally, when he had been driven wild by her repeated refusals to see him, she granted him an interview, which is described in the following chapter.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE INTERVIEW.

Clayton went to the dainty little apartment the woman had indicated as the place of meeting. It was a room appropriated exclusively to the use of Inez, and every object around him recalled to memory the happy hours he had passed there with the fair coquette who had lured him on—played with him only to throw him off, and then recalled him when it had become a crime in him to think of her as anything more than a friend.

His thoughts were very bitter, but he could not regret what he had done, since Inez had really given him her hand. Her heart he felt sure of also, and in the approaching interview he thought he could make her understand that he was now master of her fate, and that her willfulness must end.

At length the house was still; the servants had performed their evening duties, and with the exception of Juanita, had gone to their cottages; a stillness that seemed breathless reigned, and Clayton watched and waited for the appearance of Inez with a heart whose loud beating he could almost hear.

When his impatience had culminated, and he began to believe that she was only torturing him with a vain hope, he heard the sweep of a dress on the marble pavement of the hall, and in the next moment Inez stood in the dimly-lighted room, looking fair and stately in her mourning robes.

Clayton advanced eagerly to meet her, and in the impulse of the moment she threw herself upon his breast and returned the kisses he showered on her brow and lips.

"Oh! my love—my love," she faintly whispered—"I have tortured you; I know it, I feel it; but I, too, have been most unhappy. I dared not meet you till we could talk over what most vitally concerns us without danger of prying eyes or listening ears. I have proved that I can trust you, Wilton, and in your turn you must prove to me that you have been basely slandered. It must be so—for you would never have dared to give me your hand if another woman exists who has a claim upon it."

Clayton started guiltily, and hoarsely asked:

"Who has tried to poison your mind against me by asserting such a thing as that? You were right to regard it as a slander, Inez."

Inez threw back her head and gazed searchingly upon his face. Her own changed its expression, and she withdrew herself from his embrace as she almost coldly said:

"I shall be glad if you can *prove* to me that what I have heard and refused to believe is really a slander. What is this entanglement, Wilton? Speak the truth, for I love you well enough to forgive much."

"It is nothing—*nothing* that can or shall come between you and me, my darling."

"Then what does *this* mean?"

Inez thrust before him the flippant notice of his romantic marriage, and awaited his reply with an expression almost of defiant scorn.

Clayton glanced over it, and for a moment his senses reeled; but he recovered self-control and disdainfully asked:

"How came you by this precious morceau? If I were within reach of the man who wrote it, I would chastise him summarily for his impertinence. This, then, is the cause of the shameful treatment I have received at your hands since the day of our marriage."

"It is—and I again ask you if there is any foundation for the statements made there?"

"How did this come into your possession?" Clayton evasively asked.

"It was sent to me by Don Alonzo Olivera, and reached me but one hour before I gave you my hand," she falsely replied; for she had no intention of letting him know that she had recalled him after receiving what appeared a positive proof of his desertion of herself.

"And you refused to believe it, Inez? You plighted me your vows in spite of this treacherous attempt to imbitter you against me! My dearest love, how shall I thank you for such confidence in my undying love for you?"

"I have never doubted your love. I knew that if I held out my finger, you would fly back to me in spite of all obstacles. When you came, I could not believe that any formidable one existed to our union. I fulfilled the promise I had given you, for I could not believe that you would *dare* to place me in so equivocal a position as I must hold if there is any truth in the lines you hold in your hand."

"You were right. How could I, loving you better than my own life—how could I be guilty of so base a wrong toward you?"

His voice faltered in spite of his attempt to speak naturally, and Inez proudly said:

"The wrong is one against yourself more than against me, for if the woman referred to *is* your wife, the words that made me yours are null and void, and you stand before the world branded as a bigamist. I will know the whole truth before I go hence with you. If you attempt to deceive me I will penetrate the mystery, and then—it will be an evil hour in which I discern that you have been doubly false to me."

"Oh, Inez! what can I do, what say, to so implacable a judge as you threaten to be?"

"How can I judge you unless you are guilty? What have you to tell me, Wilton? I love you, and I can forgive anything—*anything*—if you will only confess to me how far you have compromised yourself in this affair."

"I have broken with the girl. There is no danger that she can interfere with me," he desperately said.

"But she can with *me*, and that I am resolved to prevent." And there was a tone of cold defiance in her voice which made him shiver.

"Why should you think of her, Inez? Bessie knows that I have given her up forever; that the—the liaison that existed between us is ended, and we are to be strangers to each other in the future."

"That may well be; but the woman who has crossed my path—who possibly stands between myself and the man I love—shall not be safe from my vengeance. She shall not live to say that she had a better right to the position you have so lately given to me."

The long repressed passion burst forth, and she stood before him with flashing eyes, curling lips and clenched hands—an incarnate Nemesis. With passionate vehemence she went on:

"You, with your wretched evasions, seek only to throw a vail over my eyes, that I may be led into the snare you have prepared for me. You, with your eyes open to all the enormity of your conduct, would plunge me into a sea of dishonor, from which there could be no escape. Yet I am mad enough to love you, to cling to the hope that we may yet be all in all to each other; but in accomplishing that, the girl who has presumed to rival me but for an hour, must become the sacrifice. She shall not live to tell her tale to others."

"Inez—darling!—listen to me, and abate your violence, I entreat you," said Clayton, almost beside himself with dread and remorse.

"I will listen to nothing save the history of your connection with this girl. Your manner, your words, convince me that I should have been wise to give heed to the warning sent by Don Alonzo. Tell me the entire truth, or I will summon him hither, proclaim the fraud of which I have been made the victim, and prove to you how little weight I attach to the mere form of words which bound us together, by marrying him and going with him to Spain."

Though deeply stung by this threat Clayton did not venture to show the resentment he felt. He sullenly said:

"Since you are so anxious for the truth, you shall have it. I believed all to be at an end between us; I buried myself in the deepest solitudes I could find to brood over the thought that to me you were lost forever. I wounded myself accidentally, was found by an old negro, and taken to the cabin of his mistress.

"I found there a young girl, fair, and intelligent enough to become an object of interest to me. I had given you up. I had no hope that I should ever be recalled, and I—I—was united to Bessie Moore by a wandering missionary. The man has gone to the far West, where he will most likely die among the Indians; and there is no legal proof that such a marriage ever took place.

"When your letter came I was thoroughly weary of the good little creature, who, to do her justice, made every effort to please me. But she did not suit me, and in the hour of our parting I fear that I treated her with brutal indifference. I could think only of you, and curse myself for my precipitation.

"I left her, with the determination to force her back into the obscurity from which I had taken her, and I came hither to claim you at the risk of all I hold most precious in life. You have spoken the truth. I am a bigamist; but it was at the dictate of my wild passion for you that I became one. Denounce me, if you will. If I lose you it will matter little what becomes of me."

"And are you equally indifferent to *my* fate, Wilton?" asked the tender tones he had languished for, but had not heard from her lips from the hour of their meeting till this moment. "You have told me all I cared to know, and now I absolve you from the crime you have committed against me. Give me one kiss of reconciliation, and then [illegible] your wife, for such I am not now by your own confession."

Clayton took her in his arms, and would have kissed her more than once, but she turned her face from him, released herself from his embrace, and gravely said:

"You forget that you have just admitted how slight is the claim you have upon me. I have allowed you to kiss me for the last time till we are a second time united by the laws of your own country. The obstacle between us must be removed. But how? In my anger I threatened violence just now, but I have thought better of that. How will you proceed to free yourself from the tie that is now so hateful to you?"

Clayton gloomily replied:

"If you insist that it is necessary, I must get a divorce, I suppose. Bessie Moore has no friends to espouse her cause, and with the wealth at my command it will not be difficult to set aside such claims as she has upon me. After leaving her as I did, I hardly think she will oppose me."

"Of course it will be necessary to render our union valid. Do you think that I could be induced to live with you as your wife on any other terms? Few women would forgive what you have done, but *I* will do it, because I have learned to my cost that in trifling with you I trifled with my own happiness. I am not bound to you, save through the deep love I cherish for you; but you are bound to me by every consideration that can move a man to prompt action."

"Is that intended as a threat, Inez?"

"You may understand it as such if you choose. Free yourself from this woman, and do it speedily, or accept the consequences that must follow. *I* have friends, if Bessie Moore has none."

"And you will set them on my track—expose me to the penalty I have incurred, only because my love for you is stronger than any feeling I can ever know? Oh, Inez! I have sinned, but *you* are the last one who should threaten me with the consequences of my folly."

"I have no wish to do that. I only point out to you what must inevitably happen if you do not rid yourself of the claims of that girl."

"And you? What will you do? Where will you stay while I am accomplishing that?"

"I will remain here. Among the few who live near us there will doubtless be much gossip about your strange departure; but I shall not permit it to be repeated to me. When you return to me a free man I will accompany you to New York, and there we can be privately re-married."

"Really, you seem to have thought over our anomalous position and settled all your plans before consulting with me," he said, with some bitterness.

"Yes, I have taken a week to think them over, for I had a difficult problem to solve," was the calm reply.

"What was that, may I ask?"

She maliciously replied:

"It was this: Whether I should summon my devoted Spanish adorer and consent to become Duchess D'Olivera—for Don Alonzo is sure to succeed to the family title and estates—or wait till the man I am foolish enough to love can legally ratify the vows he has already plighted to me."

"Have you hesitated a whole week before you could make up your mind?" he asked, with ill-repressed fury. "Was your desire to become a duchess weighed for days against your preference for me?"

"Well, if it was so, you have reason to be satisfied with the result, since I elected to save you from the consequences of your own acts. I beg that you will not undervalue the position I have sacrificed, only because I found it impossible to give you up."

Her eyes were lifted tenderly to his, and she held out her hand as she ceased speaking. Clayton clasped it fervently in his own and hoarsely said:

"How can I bear to leave you now? Oh, Inez! come with me, give no cause for idle tongues to prate about our relations toward each other. I will be true to you, I swear it by all my hopes of happiness on earth. We will go to New York as you propose; I will leave you there, and return to Esperanza to rid myself of the obstacle to a complete union between us. When that is done I will fly on the wings of love to claim my bride."

Inez reflected a few moments, and then said:

"Perhaps that will be best, after all. Juanita must be my companion, and the day we reach that city, you shall find a quiet boarding-house for me on the Hudson. In warm weather I must have flowers and trees around me. I should suffocate among crowded rows of houses. As soon as I am settled you must leave us, and I will await your return as patiently as I can."

"Thanks for that concession, my own—own love. I am more grateful for all your goodness, your forbearance, than words may express."

Inez arose, and briefly said:

"We have settled all that is necessary, I think, so now good-night," and before he could attempt to detain her she was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

RISING CLOUDS.

Inez returned to her own apartment triumphant. She had held her imperious temper under control, except in one brief moment when her deep rancor against Bessie had betrayed her into uttering a threat against her life.

She had retracted it to deceive Clayton as to her purpose; but she fully meant what she had said—that the unhappy child must become a sacrifice to her jealousy.

During the interview Juanita had been placed as a sentinel in the hall, though far enough away to prevent her from overhearing what passed between the lovers. She silently followed her young lady to her room, and closing the door, asked with some eagerness:

"Have you brought him to confession, Donna? The trick he has played on you is so shameful, that, were I in your place, I would send him adrift and find somebody else to console me."

"I dare say," replied Inez, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice; "but, then, you and I are very different beings, Nita. You never admired Mr. Clayton, and I adore him, in spite of the wrong he has done me. Yet I tempted him to it, for I knew before they were uttered how flimsy were the vows we spoke before the priest."

"*Sancta Maria!* then how came you to place yourself in so false a position? Here you are with a husband, who is no husband, and you the fairest lady in all the land."

Inez turned to a mirror and critically surveyed herself. She smiled and said:

"I believe my lover fully indorses your opinion of my attractions, Nita. The man was mad for me, or he would never have risked what he has, to gain so poor a claim upon my hand. You ask me how I came to place myself in so awkward a position? Because I have set my heart on him and I intend to remove the obstacle between us without shrinking—without remorse."

"Donna, darling, what can you mean? Let the girl go; Mr. Clayton can settle her claims on him in such a way that they will never interfere with you."

"He has pledged himself to do that; but—but—I shall never feel that Wilton is all my own while that girl lives. The insult she has put upon me must be atoned in her blood. She shall never have the power to proclaim to the world that she once stood in the position of wedded wife to the man I love."

The self-control she had hitherto maintained forsook her, and she stood white, panting, terrible in her jealous rage. She furiously went on:

"I could drive a dagger to her heart with my own hand when I think of all she has made me suffer. I have maintained outward calmness, but in the past three weeks I have borne tortures as great as any depicted by Dante. Do you think I will forget or forgive her who caused them?"

"But, Donna, what can you do?" asked the woman, in tremulous tones. "She is so far away that you cannot reach her and any attempt to injure her must recoil upon yourself."

"I am not afraid, and with your assistance I can do a great deal."

"You must not count on me, for I will not help you to ruin yourself."

"It will be ruin—madness—*death* to me if I cannot put that creature forever out of my path! The world is not wide enough to hold us both, I tell you, and I *demand* your aid. Its price shall be freedom and money enough to live in comfort all the rest of your life."

Juanita shook her head.

"If I was free this hour I wouldn't leave you, Donna. I couldn't live away from you, and with you I am sure to get all I want. You are wild now, my pet, but you'll think better of this and let Mr. Clayton get out of the difficulty he has plunged himself into the best way he can."

"Oh, yes; by appealing to the law, I suppose," said Inez, scornfully. "You would have me wait and eat my heart out with jealous pangs while he seeks a divorce from my rival. I refuse to do it. I will take my cause in my own hand and remove the obstacle to my happiness. If you refuse your assistance I will do it alone. But mark me, I will leave you here; I will order you to be sold to the highest bidder in the slave market if you persist in your refusal to give me such aid as I shall require at your hands."

Juanita's yellow complexion faded to a dull hue as she listened to this threat. She brokenly said:

"I did not think such words could ever be spoken to me by you, Donna. I have been as a mother to you; I have educated myself that I might be in some sort companion for you. I shut [illegible] were getting your education, and the good nuns taught me much while I was there. Among other things I learned to believe it wrong to take human life under any provocation."

"There are some injuries that justify even that," replied Inez, defiantly. "You will help me or not, as you may choose. As to myself my course is determined on. I have given you my confidence and I have no fears that you will betray it, for in spite of your present conduct I know that you are too much devoted to me to do that."

"You are quite right, Donna. I could not bring ruin and disgrace upon the child I love," said the woman, in a low tone. She turned away from the gleaming eyes fixed steadily upon her, and went to a distant window, through which she gazed many moments in silence, a fierce struggle apparently passing in her mind.

Inez threw herself upon a chair and impatiently tapped her foot upon the floor, roused to deep anger by the unexpected opposition she had met. Juanita at length approached her and deprecatingly said:

"I—I entreat your pardon, Donna, for setting myself up in opposition to you. No good can come to either of us by my refusal to do your bidding. I am your slave; born to serve you, and willing to do it through my great love for you. Tell me your plans, and if I think they can be carried out with safety to you I will no longer refuse the assistance you require."

"Ah-h! so a little reflection has brought you to your right senses," said Inez, in a hard tone. "I am very fond of you, Juanita, but I do not choose to be thwarted by you, especially in a matter so vital to me as this. Have you made up your mind to help me in any way I may demand?"

"I will do the best I can to serve you and save you from the consequences of your own recklessness. If this thing is to be done, let me act for you in such a way that no blame can rest on you."

"We will think about that and settle it when the time for action comes. Just now, I hate that girl to such a degree that it seems to me I can only be satisfied by avenging myself upon her with my own hand."

"I hope you'll think better of that, Donna. But tell me what you intend to do—what course you will take to get within reach of the girl?"

"I have consented to accompany Mr. Clayton to New York, with you as my guard and constant companion. He will get country lodgings for us and then go to South Carolina to seek the means of freeing himself from his incumbrance. We will disguise ourselves and follow him closely. Once near my rival, I shall be able to find means to reach her, be sure of that."

The woman bent her head submissively.

"It is a dangerous enterprise, but you seem so determined that I have nothing more to say against it. I promise to stand by you, let what will happen."

"Now you are my own dear, darling old nurse again," said Inez, with a sudden change of manner. "I knew that you could never leave me to my own devices, when I am in such a strait as this. Forget what I said just now in my passion, for you know that I could never consent to give you over to another owner, even if you had refused the service I asked."

"I know that you often say things that you do not quite mean, Donna. I believe we understand each other now, and I promise that I will say nothing more to anger you. I will prove my fidelity to you by doing all that is possible to serve you in the way you ask, and to save you from suspicion after your will is accomplished. It grows late. Had you not better retire, for if I understand you rightly, we are to leave this place without delay."

"Yes—we shall leave to-morrow. I must lie down and rest, I suppose, but I shall not sleep. I am too much excited for that. You will pack such things only as are necessary for us both, and the overseer will be left in charge of the place. Since it belongs to me, there will be no law business to settle before we go."

An hour later, Inez was sleeping soundly, in spite of her prediction to the contrary. Exhausted by the long-continued conflict in her own mind, when once her evil plans were settled, and her ally secured, she reposed as calmly as a tired child, and did not even dream of the crime she had avowed her determination to perpetrate.

Juanita, full of troubled thought, could not sleep for many hours; as to Clayton, he spent the greater part of the night in wandering restlessly through the extensive grounds around the villa; as day was breaking he went back to his own room, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and sank into the leaden slumber produced by physical fatigue.

He was as miserable as weak men usually are under difficulties, and his were of a character that might have appalled a stouter heart than that which beat in his bosom.

Inez was only his in name; he had placed himself at her mercy, and but for the love she bore him, she would proclaim his dishonourable conduct, and invoke on him the punishment he felt he merited.

On his way to her, he had settled the programme he would carry out; he would go to Europe with his bride, write back to Bessie, appealing to her to spare him a contest which would be useless, and offer her a large sum as compensation for the evil he had wrought her.

But this plan was defeated by the knowledge Inez had obtained, and now his only hope of preventing a great scandal was, that Bessie would surrender her claims upon him without a struggle, when she knew that he had never loved her.

It was late when he descended to find that active preparations for departure were going on. Juanita gave the orders of her mistress, and they were carried into effect without question by servants who were accustomed to implicit obedience.

When Clayton went out from his late breakfast, he found Juanita waiting him near the door. She bowed respectfully, and said:

"My young lady is in the sitting-room with Dr. Levas, and she bade me tell you, sir, that he wishes to bid you good-by."

Clayton crossed the hall, and entered the small apartment in which the interview of the preceding night had taken place. He found Inez in a travelling dress, with a heavy black vail thrown over her head, which partly concealed her features. She was speaking earnestly to the old physician, and he heard her say:

"Yes—our departure is sudden, but important business summons Mr. Clayton to his own country, and, of course, I cannot suffer him to go alone."

"Of course not; but he said nothing to me yesterday about taking you away so soon. Ah! here he is to answer for himself. My dear boy, you look as if you have passed through a serious illness since yesterday. What is the matter? No bad news, I hope, from your own home."

"Thank you; nothing that cannot be arranged, and speedily too, I trust. Do I really look so bad?" and he tried to laugh naturally, as he glanced furtively at the calm face of Inez.

"It is no laughing matter, I assure you," was the grave response, "for you look fitter for your bed than for a long journey. What have you been doing to yourself? I hope that you and the madam have not been having a flare-up before the honeymoon is half over. You look as woe-begone as if some such thing had happened."

"No, indeed," said Inez, promptly. "We have never understood each other so well as we do now. How cynical of you, Dr. Levas, to suppose that we have quarrelled already."

Clayton recovered from his momentary embarrassment, parried the questions of the physician, and declared himself quite well enough to undertake a journey around the world.

"Well—well," was the half testy reply, "you have not consulted me, and I have no right to give an opinion; but something is very much amiss with you, and you had better stay where you are till it is set right. Inez is a capital nurse, and between us we'll have you quite well in a few days."

"Your advice does not tally with that you gave me last evening. You advised me then to get away from this climate as soon as possible; and I am certain myself that my only salvation is to go back to my native land without delay."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"You speak strangely; I see there is no hope that my warning will be attended to, for Mrs. Clayton will not raise her voice in aid of my efforts to induce you to take some care of yourself."

Inez started at hearing this name given to her for the first time, and her lips slightly curled, but she controlled the bitter impulse, and quietly replied:

"I did not speak, because I understand the necessity of Mr. Clayton's immediate return to his own country. Affairs of importance are weighing on his mind which will not only make him ill, but keep him so if they are not promptly settled."

"Yes—I must go; there is no doubt of that," said Clayton, with feverish eagerness. "It is useless to talk, Doctor, for something more precious than life is at stake, and go I must, if I die on the way."

Dr. Levas peered at him gravely through his spectacles, seeming much perplexed by his imprudent words, and Inez bit her lip with vexation.

The old man said with extreme gravity:

"In that case, I can say no more. I shall miss my young friend here very much, for she has been almost as a daughter to me; but I must console myself for her loss by the hope that with you she will be safe and happy."

Clayton's eyes glared on him a moment as if [illegible] latent meaning in his words, and Inez hastened to say:

"You need have no fears for me, my dear old friend. Leave us to settle our affairs in our own way, and we shall do well enough."

"I hope so," was the cold reply. "I did not intend to interfere in any way, Mrs. Clayton. I will now bid you both good-bye, hoping that my prognostic of approaching illness for Mr. Clayton may not be verified."

He shook hands with Clayton, kissed the one Inez extended to him, and left the house vaguely impressed with the fact that something had already produced an estrangement between the newly married pair.

Left alone with Clayton, Inez anxiously regarded him, and earnestly said:

"You are looking very ill indeed, Wilton. If so much were not at stake, I should have agreed with Dr. Levas that you must rest, and take care of yourself."

"I have no time to be ill," he gloomily replied. "Nor will I permit myself to become so. For a whole week I have suffered the tortures of the Inferno, and that is why I look so wretchedly. I have no physical ailment—mental anguish has broken me down in this pitiful manner."

Inez came near him, laid her hand caressingly upon his arm, and gazing tenderly in his eyes, said:

"And I, too, have suffered, Wilton. It was a bitter blow to me to learn that, even for an hour, another woman had been looked on by you with favorable eyes. How perfect was my trust in you was proved by the unshrinking confidence with which I placed my hand in yours beside my dying father's bed. Do I not still prove my faith in your honor by going forth with you, the world believing me your wife, when I know that I do not really hold that relation to you?"

"Yes—yes—your are an angel, Inez, and I am a wretch to have placed you in so equivocal a position. You have forgiven me the wrong, and I must hasten to atone for it in the best way I can. Oh, dearest! how great must have been the love which could condone such an offence as mine!"

"It is not *yet* forgiven quite," she replied, with a lightning flash from her opaline eyes. "When no obstacle is between us, when we can legally exchange vows of devotion, *then* you will learn how fondly, how faithfully I can love. *Now* we are only friends, and love passages must cease between us till you can come to me and say you are free."

"It shall not be long before I will be able to say that. My generous darling, your faith in me shall meet its reward. To-day we leave; a week hence we may be in New York, and once in my native land, the rest will be easy."

"Yes, it will be easy enough to deal with the low-born, penniless creature, who will not understand or be able to defend her rights. If I did not hate her, I could pity her for her helplessness. But feeling toward her as I do, I could and would crush her as one destroys a venomous reptile that threatens to sting one to death."

She was white with sudden passion, but she regained self-control as rapidly as she had lost it, and, with a hysterical laugh, went on:

"I am a fool to talk in this way, but my heart is very bitter toward my temporary rival. You will do all the crushing that is necessary, without giving me a chance to wreak my vengeance upon one I should not fear, since she has no power over your heart."

"That is yours alone, as no one can know as well as yourself, Inez," he gently said, for her angry vehemence alarmed him. "Of course, it is I alone who must seek Bessie and induce her to resign all claims upon the position which you have the best right to as the chosen of my heart. When she is made to understand that, there will be little difficulty in procuring a secret and speedy divorce. In some of the States such a thing can be accomplished readily enough."

"I dare say. But have you never thought of a more secret and certain way of releasing yourself?"

Her tone was even more significant than her words, and Clayton, startled into sudden consciousness of her meaning, exclaimed:

"God forbid! Such a temptation as that has never come to me. Why should it, when I can so easily rid myself of her claims upon me?"

"I hope you may find it easy; that is all," said Inez, coldly. "As to me, if I were a man, and had run my head into a noose I could not readily untie, I should *cut it* without compunction."

She glided away, leaving him half paralyzed by her words, and after giving her orders to have everything in readiness for their departure early in the afternoon, went out to take leave of her pets, and give a last look at the beautiful grounds she might never visit again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Happiness is always a home-made article.

GEORGIE'S STROKE OF FORTUNE.

"Hey! Johnny!"

Like a shot the newsboy flew across the street in answer to the hail, distancing two competitors after an even start.

"Let's have the Evening ——."

Georgie Allston, who had answered so promptly to the name of Johnny,—indeed, so many people called him by it that it seemed almost as familiar as his own,—handed the gentleman the paper, the last of his pack, and stood waiting for his pay.

"Have you change for a quarter?" asked the fashionably dressed customer, with a wink at his equally stylish companion.

"Yes, sir," replied Georgie, whipping the proffered coin between his teeth, and diving his chubby fist, all red and blue with cold, into the pocket of his patched trousers and pulling out a handful of pennies, with here and there a "nickel" among them, he selected four of the latter and three pennies which he handed to the stranger, and with a light heart and a light pair of heels set off at a run, glad that his day's work was over.

"You don't mean to say you stuck the boy with that odd-looking coin the bar-keeper refused to take where we had the last Santa Cruzes?" queried one of the two dandies.

"I told you I'd get it off," returned the other, with a laugh; "people aren't all as sharp as bar-keepers."

"But few are sharper than a New York newsboy. I wonder the little Arab didn't tip his nose to you or pull down his right under eyelid."

"Oh! he'll come out all right the first time he makes change for a rural purchaser of a last week's morning *Herald* for the latest *extra* with 'all about the Czar's last toothache.'"

And, with another laugh, the pair turned into a gayly lighted "SAMPLE ROOM" in search of another brace of Santa Cruzes.

It was Christmas Eve, and Georgie, who had been all the week assuring Viva, his three-year-old sister, that Santa Claus would be sure to put something nice in her stocking if she was a good girl—a condition which Viva had fulfilled to the letter—made it his first business to take measures to insure the keeping of the promise he had taken the liberty of making in the jolly saint's name.

For several days he had kept an eye on a rosy-cheeked doll in a toy-shop window on his route.

At last he was in a condition to make certain of the prize. The price—he had been careful to ascertain it—was just a dollar; not a very large sum, it is true, but Georgie had to lay by a reserve of capital every evening sufficient to purchase his next day's stock, and it was only by close pinching that he was able to save a dollar from his gains.

His heart sank as he approached the toyman's window. The cruel wolf must have come in his absence. The precious darling was nowhere to be seen. But stay!—what was that just round the corner of a great Noah's ark, placed since morning in the middle of the window? Surely that was the border of her little red hood, and—ah! yes!—there was one of her blue eyes peeping at him as roguishly as if she was challenging him to a game of hide-and-seek.

Georgie walked in briskly and pushed his way to the counter.

"I want to buy that doll in the window—the one in the red cloak and hood," he said to the first salesman he found disengaged, laying down a dollar in change.

Red-Ridinghood was brought from her hiding-place and done up in a neat parcel, which Georgie was carefully buttoning under his jacket, when the salesman, in the act of taking up the money, shoved back one of the pieces.

"What do you call that?" he asked bruskly.

"A quarter," answered Georgie.

"I don't."

"Anyhow I took it for one," said the boy.

"Can't help that," replied the man. "Either give me another or return the goods."

"Is it bad?"

"I don't say that—I don't know what it is, and don't want it."

Georgie hesitated a moment. Another quarter would break in on his reserve, and utterly derange his next day's business. With a sigh that was almost a sob, and forcing back the tears that nearly came in spite of him, he handed back the parcel, took up his money, and left the shop, not venturing to look back as he passed the window outside.

Suddenly it flashed upon him that he had that day seen in a window a number of queerly bound old books with quaint pictures in them, and a number of battered and rusty coins on a shelf, while a placard on one of the panes announced: "OLD BOOKS AND COINS BOUGHT HERE."

"Maybe I can get something for it there," thought Georgie; "it looks at least as well as most of those already in the window."

Acting on the impulse he hastened to the place, which was fortunately still open.

"How much will you give for this?" he inquired of a man behind a desk, laying down the piece and waiting anxiously the answer.

"I took it for a quarter," he hastened to add, as if that were some proof of value.

"I'll give you another for it," said the man, carelessly, after a brief examination.

Georgie's heart leaped to his throat. He would have closed with the offer at once, that he might lose no time in hurrying back to the toy-shop, but his eagerness, for the moment, left him without speech.

"Let me see it?" said a kindly-faced, little old gentleman, with white hair and gold spectacles, looking up from one of the quaint books which he had been glancing over.

With no great alacrity the man at the desk complied.

The little old gentleman turned the piece over in his fingers several times, scrutinizing it carefully. Then he took off his spectacles, and screwed a curious-looking glass, with an ivory rim, into one eye, and made another inspection.

Having satisfied himself apparently, he removed the glass and replaced his spectacles.

"*I'll give you fifty dollars for it*," he said, turning to Georgie.

The latter looked at the little gentleman with amazement. He had never heard of "Clinton cents" worth a hundred dollars, and bits of dingy copper, bearing Cæsar's image and superscription, fetching many times as much.

"It's a coin of Henry the Seventh's time," said the old gentleman—"not especially rare, but fairly worth what I have offered."

"Maybe this gentleman will give more," he added, with a motion of the head toward the man at the desk, as he noticed the boy's indecision.

"No, you have tendered the full value," replied the man thus appealed to, looking a little ashamed of his own recent offer.

Georgie no longer hesitated. The little old gentleman was evidently in his senses, and knew what he was doing. The bargain was briefly concluded, and Georgie became the happy possessor of five crisp ten-dollar notes.

The widow Allston's heart felt heavier than usual that day. She had always been able to have a Christmas turkey before. But times had gone hard of late, and the man for whom she made vests had cut down the price so low that the turkey would have to be dispensed with.

It was hardly light enough to see next morning, when Viva wakened with a start, and ran to where she had hung her stocking from the corner of the stove for want of a chimney-corner.

What a scream of delight she gave as she saw the little red hood, and under it a pair of laughing blue eyes peeping at her archly over the border of her stocking.

In an instant the precious treasure was in her arms.

"Oh! Georgie! Georgie!" she cried, running to wake her brother from his pretended sleep. "Just see what Santa C'aus brought me! It's 'ittle Yed-Yidin'hood, an' I 'spect he's killed se ugly old wolf!"

Dinner or no dinner, Viva was supplied with happiness for *that* day.

An equal surprise was in store for the widow. A man with a handcart came to the door and inquired for Mrs. Allston.

"Here are some things I have brought," he said.

The widow started back, astonished. There were meat and game and vegetables, and, towering above all, *such* a turkey!

"Th—there must be some mistake," the widow stammered.

"There is no mistake," said the man, beginning to unload.

"God bless the generous giver!" exclaimed the widow, from the fullness of her heart.

Georgie's eyes glistened. He could hardly refrain from throwing his arms about her neck and telling all. But he had further plans yet.

There was happiness in that humble household that day. At its close the widow retired to rest with a heart filled with thankfulness, and Viva fell asleep with Red Ridinghood in her arms.

"Mother," said Georgie, as they sat at supper the next evening, "you mustn't work so hard any more."

"I don't mind work," she said, with the cheerful look she always tried to keep for her children, "and we must do our best to get along."

"But you needn't work so *hard* now," persisted Georgie. "I bought out a news-stand to-day, with a stove in it, and a nice stock of magazines and periodicals, and having a fine run of custom."

The widow stared in speechless astonishment.

Then Georgie told the secret he had been burning to disclose, and there was another happy evening under the widow's roof.

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Brilliant Weddings.

No weddings attract more attention from the newspapers than those in which the bride or groom is a military or naval officer. Such weddings are usually brilliant, and fashionable. The happy man is in full regulation uniform. Some of his fellow-officers, also glittering in gold, are sure to be among the groomsmen or ushers. For most persons a uniform is far more becoming than the dark-blazer or sack coat which fashion prescribes for civilians; and an entertainment in which a number of gay and navy in full dress form a conspicuous element is always a specially attractive spectacle to the ladies.

Probably it is not too much to say also that many a belle has been won by a young fellow who would hardly have been accepted—to be coy—if she had never seen him in his uniform. Fine feathers make fine birds, even among men and women. But let the girls choose carefully. See to it that your chosen has made his the sturdy heart of the stanch friend beneath his fine plumage, and not merely the vain soul of the peacock.

Careless Girls.

Girls will be girls. Even General WASHington found that. In a letter of his, recently published for the first time, we observe him writing about his niece in terms which we should readily wish to many young heroines of the present day:

"Harriet was more enough," he tells his sister, Mrs. Betty Lewis, "not so dangerous in industry, nor so careful of her clothes as she ought to be; but in other respects, with proper instructions, a valuable character. And by that said I wish you would examine her linen, and see that she has a proper supply of it. Some—for I have seen that she is not—are so careless about the array into war corpses, and her best things at the wash in a week."

Mrs. Lewis's reply has an equally familiar sound. She records HARRIET's arrival, but does not goes on to lament the exactions of city life, which require the wearers several of garments than in a country place can be "worn to the last string." Indeed, these letters, written before the battle of Bunker Hill, ought to have been posted but yesterday at a corner letter-box, were it not for their dates and the references to which the Father of his Country expatiates that only too expansive word, cloaks.

Heroism in Common Life.

It is creditable to human nature that many men display in the ordinary walks of life the most brilliant courage and the most unselfish fortitude. Hardly a day passes in which some brave brakeman, switch-tender, engineer or conductor does not by his nerve or presence of mind save a train from a wreck that would carry desolation into a hundred happy homes. Often this service is rendered by the sacrifice of a valuable life. But we have we read of such heroic conduct as that of Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS AKINS, who saved the passengers the other day by calmly and courageously standing to his post.

"He could have saved himself by jumping, but he stood by the lever and reversed the engine, and the train was stopped in time to prevent a collision with the station house. He never knew from the cars, and his passengers were saved."

He saved his passengers, but the reckless engine boy has to the agony and death.

Brave fellow!

Not Such a Fool After All.

Mr. OSCAR WILDE, in a lecture which he delivered after his return from America, said:

"My heaven may sink me, to what does the great Republic owe its success? To the fact that it has given to the whole world, especially to a country where genius is destroyed from receiving the highest office, with the single exception of the Presidency, the right to govern all the best and wisest of its citizens. Here in Europe we—men who spring from the people. The people are our fathers and our mothers. We are the children of democracy—democracy that has not yet learned that it is wise to make certain its will be represented worthily by having a voice in the matter. It does not like to be called upon to obey. The British Empire, on the contrary, is governed by a class, a limited class of gentlemen, or the like, but merely for the dignity of manhood. I cannot believe that every man is not a gentleman. That seems to me the meaning of the word *gentleman*, and the motive of *being liberal*."

These words breathe the true American spirit, and are most creditable to the head and heart of the man who uttered them. They show that, after all, OSCAR WILDE is not altogether the fool that he has been represented to be.

A Word About Brides, Diamonds and Cookery.

The morning papers in this city recently contained notices of four or five brilliant weddings, and also a report of a lecture on cookery, in the course of which the lecturer put her precepts into practice by showing "how to cook meat hash, fish hash, fish balls, hash; how to make cakes and waffles."

In the report of the weddings, it is stated that one of the brides "were white satin with point lace trimmings and lily of the valley bouquet. A veil of tulle was caught with orange flowers and diamonds." Another, who is described as a young blonde of amazing beauty, wore ornaments of diamonds and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lilies of the valley, white hyacinths, and maiden-hair fern." Still another, clad in point-lace and diamonds, was accompanied by bridesmaids in Kate Greenaway costumes with poke bonnets.

All brides look handsome. From their appearances or their dress you can predict very little as to their future. But diamonds do not tell much about the fair wearer. Skill in cookery is a better test of her ability as a housekeeper. If we knew which one, if any, of these brides was capable of cooking a fish ball, fish hash, fish balls, buckwheat cakes and muffins," after the most approved style, we should be tempted to congratulate the husband for her household. She will, at any rate, know how to cook for herself, and even though she may seldom have occasion to go into the kitchen to cook.

But no matter how many diamonds she has, a woman who knows nothing about cookery is not fit to be the head of a family, rich or poor. It is the foundation of

Distinguished Bookkeepers.

The seventy-fourth anniversary of the birthday of Mr. GLADSTONE, the Prime Minister of England, was recently celebrated at his country residence. He spent a part of the day in receiving the visits of a large number of persons by his son, HERBERT. A deputation of gentlemen who called in the afternoon consisted of him and son hard at work folding a large free, and they found the visitors took away chips as mementoes of the scene.

Here in America, where so much of the timber is cut down, and so much is burned in the forests, we might naturally suppose that wood-chopping would suggest itself to the farmers as a theme for a lecture. But we do not find the New York Times, for instance, now speak of as "down town." As a boy he spent in the woods which grow on Fifth avenue and Seventy-second street, and as late as 1826 he was employed for a little more than a year in the city as a salesman of two hundred and fifty dollars each. As an auctioneer he sold for two hundred dollars which cannot be bought to-day for a hundred thousand. In the very centre of fashion change six times in the course of his life. When he was born, one small cane-seat chair was the only thing about the post-office to the starting places of coaches and vessels. He lived to see the same post-office handle two millions and a half of letters in a single quarter, and to see the mails form a business in postal orders and stamps amounting to nearly one hundred million dollars a year.

No Marry—Not to Marry.

The late THEODORE R. BUTLER, President of the SIXTH AVENUE Railroad, was a good man and in every way a worthy citizen. He made one clause in his will, which has just been published, has been absurd—at least for the last years than he left $15,000 a year to his wife, so long as she remained unmarried, but in case she marries again, she is to get only $7,500 a year. Isn't this too much like "Mr. Butler" description, in the same mind, probably, which made him say, "Mrs. Butler, you may have a husband—instead of a beau"? Or, in plain talking out: "Do now, since old place and sealing-wax when she saw this clause of her husband's will published in all the newspapers! Such words would be enough to make the most subjects of record and publicity, as they of course must be when incorporated in a will, but should be left to the judgment and good faith of the survivor.

If anything would provoke a widow to marry again, would not such a memento of the one above mentioned have that tendency, or, on the contrary, would not the memory of her husband, and impressing upon her the fact that her husband's thought of it when he was making his will?

Uncharitable and Unjust.

The Associate Reformed Presbyterian says:

"Those who are most liberal in contributing most generously to the support of worldly amusements are found down in the ranks of Christian sentiment."

Don't be mad, dear brethren. It still more important, don't be so uncharitable and so unjust. There are many excellent young ladies and gentlemen who always give to the people who play cards for amusement, and some prominent citizen who plays billiards, for he-going. Are they all "low down in the scale of Christian attainments?"

We think not—certainly not in the case of our leading Presbyterian clergyman who is a Professor in a Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and who found in billiards a source of health and enjoyment.

Do not misunderstand us. We are no advocates of these amusements. The editor of the *Ledger* does not know how to dance, never has played a game of cards, and has never attended the theatre; but he hates with perfect hatred everything that is unchaste and unjust.

What Became of the Little Ones.

When our magistrates sentence the father of a family to six months upon "the island," or seven years in Sing-Sing, what becomes of the family? This question has been recently investigated by one who reports that, when the mother cannot support the children, they are frequently "adopted" by poor neighbors scarcely able to feed their own. This shows that there is a spirit of true charity existing among the very poor. Still the poor little ones are to be pitied.

"DINING OUT."

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., N.Y.

It is desirable, on the whole, for a man in fair circumstances to have a "dress-coat," i. e. a coat cut away at the skirts below the waist, such as has long been worn by well-to-do waiters, (though why that should be "dress" is not easily understood), but for the clergy it is not; it ought to last one for many years. It ought to be laid away in summer or all the summer, and ought not to be on duty more than once a week during the winter. After eight or nine years it is just possible that—unless a young lady of marked physical development of the body may make a change necessary, but in the absence of such, the dress-coat should do for a decade.

Why? When you have a vest and pants which some unreflecting one may question, it is easy to say, "Oh, I have a dress-coat" to back it up. Now, then, is Pipsy with the verdict, "Simple diet is best, for many duties bring many diseases, and rich sauces are worse than open bringing several meats upon each table." But the dress coat implies dining out, and the "dining out" implies dining. My health is a good one, I am thankful, that cooks are better on men since the days of Esau, and I am not aware of having done so great a sin as to deserve the sentence of human anxieties. But the burden of "dining out" is a large one to many men. Why make it heavier by social usage?

To begin with, the entertainer has a host of cares as to the parties to be asked. Can you know how to please them all? Can you be sure of the tastes, how many dishes they like? Can you be a formidable family. You would like the Smiths to meet the Joneses. Can you do it? Smiths? Was there notorious talk of young Smith and young Jones? Is Smith a man of so little distinction that he may be asked to the same table and a host of minor circumstances must be taken into account. Then, if you have a large family, you must have a large table to seat the odd number, and not flatter. Then there comes up the question, Am I to invite Pipsy to call? or a note? or a card? Then, how is Pipsy to be addressed? Is it to be a formal note? Is it to be in envelope or two? And what shall be the form? Then, how many servants will settle these points. But pass them.

Then comes the day. Is it to be dinner? Dinner at what hour? Then comes the hour. Are we sure we have enough? Are we sure we have not too much? Are we sure we have not too many? Are we sure we have without enough? Are we sure we have without too many? Are we sure we have without too many? Are we sure we have without too many

THE OLD HOME BY THE SEA.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

The old home still o'erlooks the barren shore—
Grand in its ruin, to my heart still dear—
So near the ocean that its hollow roar,
By distance mellowed, ever fills the ear.

And still, as roaming through the rooms forlorn,
After the absence of long years, can I
With some old beauties of the past adorn
The place neglected and the bleak shore nigh.

Fair was the heiress of the seaside hall—
Sweet Eleanor, the daughter of the house!
My cousin Nell, so stately and so tall,
Of the dark tresses and the pure, pale brows.

Here is the doorway, with its carvings quaint,
Where oft we watched the tall ships far-off glide,
Or saw the ospreys in the mist-clouds faint
Before they plunged to revel in the tide;

Or marked the passage of the tempest lower,
With pinions black, o'er the devoted deep,
Till land and sky and darkened sea and shore
Were torn to fury by its frenzied sweep.

But most she loved the hour when ripples gay
Creamed up the beach beneath a mellow moon,
When she would bring her light guitar, and play
And sadly sing to some old ocean tune.

For poor Nell's lover had been lost at sea;
This was the secret of her smileless life:
And this, alas! the secret that for *me*
Life has been loveless and unblessed by wife.

Her prayed-for boon, that she with him should meet
In the far skies, hath long ere this been given.
Long hath she slumbered at the headland's feet,
And faith like hers must ever bloom in heaven.

But still, though tears regretful dim my sight
And years of absence have scarce altered me,
'Tis sweet to picture her in memories bright
That linger round the Old Home by the Sea.

FOR WOMAN'S LOVE.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," &c.

[We here give a synopsis of that portion of this story which has been already published in the *Ledger*, so that, after reading this paragraph, new readers can go on and read the rest of the story just the same as if they had read it all from the beginning: The hero is Regulas Rothsay who, beginning life as a poor orphan boy, without any friend save a reputed witch known as "Old Scythia," worked his way to distinction; was elected governor of his native State; was married (the bride being Corona Haught, who taught him to read when they were both children) the day before he was to have been inaugurated as governor, and unaccountably disappeared on the night of that same day. The deserted bride was the granddaughter of Aaron Rockharrt, a tyrannical old man known as the "Iron King," who lived at Rockhold and carried on extensive iron works at North End, a few miles from his residence. He had two sons, Fabian and Clarence, who were associated with him in his business. Fabian was a good-natured, deceitful, plausible person, and Clarence was an honorable, upright young man. Mrs. Rockharrt, Corona's grandmother, had been so crushed by her tyrannical husband that she was a mere cipher in the household. Corona had a younger brother, Sylvan Haught, who was to enter the Military Academy at West Point. While Corona was a little girl she had a governess named Rose Flowers, a siren-like creature who captivated the whole family with the exception of Corona and her brother Sylvan, who always distrusted her. From this time, as years went on and Regulas Rothsay (or Rule, as his friends called him) rose higher and higher in public estimation, Corona watched his progress with the deepest interest and sympathy. So popular did Rule become, it was generally understood that as soon as he reached the age of twenty-five, so as to be eligible to the office, the people would elect him to the State Assembly. The summer before Rule became a candidate was spent in travelling by the Rockharrts, and Corona's former governess, now known as Mrs. Rose Stillwater, the wife of a sea captain absent on a voyage, accompanied them. Corona accidentally overheard Rose and Fabian Rockharrt talking, by which she vaguely understood that there was no Captain Stillwater, and that Fabian and Rose had either been secretly married, or were secretly engaged, and that a residence for Rose had been fitted up near North End, where she was to live in secret. When the election came off in the fall, Rule was triumphantly elected to the Assembly; and as Aaron Rockharrt had a railroad bill which he wanted to get through the legislature, he took up his abode, with his family, in the State capital, for the winter. Corona was delighted with this, as she felt sure that she should now be able to meet her boy pupil, Rule, whom she had not seen for years, and who had become the most popular young man in the State. How her expectations were fulfilled is shown in the following installment.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YOUNG LEGISLATOR.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him.
Oh! he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
SHAKESPEARE.

The friend of truth; the statesman who surveyed
How rich men's joys increased, how poor's decayed;
'Twas his to judge how far the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
GOLDSMITH.

As soon as the morning papers announced—among other arrivals—that of the new Assemblyman, the Hon. Regulas Rothsay, at the old David Crockett House, Aaron Rockharrt ordered his carriage and drove to that plain, second class hotel, situated far from the fashionable part of the town.

On reaching the building and inquiring for Mr. Rothsay, he was informed that that gentleman was in the house, and was at once, without ceremony, shown up into the young Assemblyman's room.

It was a large, sparsely furnished chamber. At a round table drawn up before the fire sat Regulas Rothsay, writing.

He arose to meet his visitor, rearing a tall, stalwart, rather rugged figure to its full height.

"Mr. Rothsay, I believe," said the Iron King, lifting *his* form.

"Yes. I am glad to see you, Mr. Rockharrt. I hope you are very well," said the young man, drawing forward the only easy-chair in the room, and tacitly inviting his visitor to take it.

"Very well, thank you. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Rothsay. It is very seldom that a man of your years—only twenty-five, I hear—is called to fill so responsible a situation as that of a representative of his district in the State Legislature. Yet I feel sure that the choice of the people could not have settled on a safer man."

"Thank you, Mr. Rockharrt. I shall try to merit your good opinion," said the young man, with a grave smile.

"I have come this morning on a matter of business. Do I interrupt you?" somewhat abruptly inquired Old Aaron.

"Not at all. I am quite at your service," was the courteous answer, as the young man seated himself at the table opposite his visitor, and at once gave him his full attention.

"You are not very busy just now?"

"Oh, no. Only jotting down some notes that can wait."

"Then you can give me half an hour."

"An hour, or more, if you require it, Mr. Rockharrt."

"Thank you. I will be as brief as possible. I know your time *must* be valuable," said Old Aaron Rockharrt. And then he paused for a brief moment, during which both men, sitting opposite, regarded each other with curious interest.

Rule Rothsay was wondering whether Aaron Rockharrt recognized in him any one whom he had ever seen before. But the Iron King never dreamed that the talented young legislator was the development of the barefooted errand boy of the "Works" whom he had known fifteen or sixteen years since.

"It is about a charter for a new railroad that I wish to build. The company—all responsible men—has been incorporated some time, but I have never succeeded in getting a charter from the legislature."

Regulas Rothsay was all attention.

The Iron King went into minute details of the projected enterprise—details with which we need not trouble our readers.

Still Regulas Rothsay was all attention. He knew the man before him, both from early recollections and present rumor. Everybody knew Old Aaron Rockharrt—for he was too proud, headstrong and egotistical to descend to any deceit—knew him for an honest, truthful, but wholly selfish and unsympathizing man; and, therefore, Rule Rothsay knew him—knew that no humane or public benefit would ever be a motive in his action, and that this contemplated railroad was to put money in *his* pocket.

Rule saw all this, but he also saw that the enterprise would be a benefit to the community at large, and especially to the workingmen, the farmers, shop-keepers, and mechanics: so when he had heard all the old Iron King had to say on the subject, he promptly gave a promise, which neither favor, affection nor self-interest could ever have won from him, but which reason, conscience and the public good constrained him to give—namely, to present the petition for the charter to the Assembly, and to support it with all his might.

Old Aaron Rockharrt got up and shook hands with his young advocate, thanked him heartily, and left him.

On reaching home the family autocrat became more communicative to his household than was his custom.

"Mr. Rothsay will present my petition, and move for a bill to be passed granting us the charter for the railroad. He will support that bill with all his strength; and so I feel sure, positively *sure*, that it will pass the Assembly. Whether it will afterwards pass the State Senate I cannot tell," he said, as he entered the back parlor, where the ladies were passing the forenoon in needle work or reading.

All expressed pleasure in this prospect of success.

"Mrs. Rockharrt," he next said, turning to his little wife, "I shall give a small dinner party on this day week, and invite young Rothsay to meet some of his colleagues. Cora, I will give you a list, and you may write the invitations. The affair is not large enough to require engraved cards."

So saying, Old Aaron sat down in a large arm-chair, and began to make out his list.

When he had finished it, he handed the paper to Cora, saying:

AARON ROCKHARRT'S VISIT TO ROTHSAY.

"The invitations must be written and sent out *to-day*."

Cora went to her room to set about her task.

The list of ten names included some of the political leaders of the State, local celebrities, whom, at any other time, the young girl would have been curious to meet; but now all her interest was absorbed in the prospect of seeing Rule Rothsay, that marvel of self-education, perseverance, and deserved success, at which the whole community wondered, Legislator, Christian and philanthropist, with a noble record behind him, and a glorious prospect before him, and yet a man of almost unknown origin.

Cora was deeply anxious to meet him, solicitous about the impression she should make on him. Would she be an unpleasant reminder to him of the days of his poverty and humiliation? She hoped and prayed that she might not be that! She resolved that by no word or look, or hint of any sort, would she betray even a memory of those days! She would also warn her good grandmother, her pleasant-tempered Uncle Fabian, and her kind and considerate Uncle Clarence, not to betray by speech, or glance, or sign, any remembrance of the past, but to seem as oblivious of it as Old Aaron Rockharrt really was.

When Cora had directed and sealed all the cards of invitation she rang for the hall footman Jerome, and gave him orders to take them directly to the post office.

Then, like any other girl, she began to think of her dress for the first dinner party at which she was to appear.

All the invitations were accepted.

The day of the dinner party came.

At half-past seven in the evening, the family were all assembled in the drawing-room waiting for their guests. The dinner was to be served at eight.

Old Mrs. Rockharrt, in honor of the occasion, wore her best black velvet dress, with point lace cap and fichu.

Cora Haught wore a crimson rep silk, with black lace flounces and fichu, and pearl ornaments.

Regulas Rothsay was the first arrival. He came unfashionably early, and full twenty minutes before any one else.

He was announced with the usual verbal blunder of the colored footman of that period as—

"Mr. Whatsay!"

Cora looked up and saw coming in a tall, very tall, broad-shouldered, and somewhat awkward figure, with large hands and feet, but with a noble head and a grand though rugged face, framed in by tawny hair and beard, and lighted and softened by a pair of beautiful, gentle gray eyes, whose sweetness and tenderness in boyhood Cora well remembered. He wore the evening dress of the time, which sat ungracefully upon him.

As he appeared, Mr. Rockharrt arose and welcomed him, then presented him to Mrs. Rockharrt, and then to Miss Haught.

Both ladies, in turn, received him as if he were a perfect stranger, whom they had never seen before, but with great courtesy.

Yet, as Cora's eyes met Rule's, there was a mutual deep recognition, which only eyes could utter, from the soul of each; and each knew that in those few brief moments they both lived over again the sweet days of their childhood's friendship.

Next Mr. Rockharrt presented the guest to Mr. Fabian and to Mr. Clarence, who, following Cora's instructions, received him with perfect politeness, yet as one whom they had never known before under other circumstances.

When these presentations were finished, Rule turned as if he would have gone over to the sofa where Mrs. Rockharrt and Cora Haught sat.

But Old Aaron took immediate possession of him, walked him off to the other end of the long room and began to talk to him about the railroad charter, not knowing in his all-absorbing egotism that to speak to the young legislator on this subject at this time and place was in very bad taste.

Neither Cora nor any other of the family party could catch a word of the conversation between Rule and Mr. Rockharrt, but the tones of Rule's voice reached them, and a singularly sweet voice it was.

Rule's eyes and voice—gentle and tender—were in charming contrast to the rugged form and face.

Other guests came in, and the *tête-à-tête* between the two men was broken up.

Dinner was announced.

It went off to the satisfaction of all parties. Then followed a social evening.

The company broke up at eleven o'clock.

Regulas had found no opportunity of speaking with Cora. Old Aaron Rockharrt had too entirely appropriated him.

Not until the moment of leave-taking could he address a word to her; then he asked:

"May I call to see you?"

"Yes; I shall be very glad if you do," she answered, frankly.

"When may I come?"

"At any time. We shall all be very glad to see you. Come to lunch to-morrow or any day."

"Thank you; I will."

There was a gentle, scarcely perceptible pressure of his hand as he relinquished hers and turned away.

When the guests were all gone, the family discussed the new Assemblyman.

"He is an honest fellow, with no grace or beauty to boast of; a great, awkward, red-headed giant," said Old Aaron.

"Oh, grandpa!" exclaimed Cora, who not being consciously in love with Rule, much as she liked and respected him, could speak her mind freely; "no beauty or grace to boast of! Well, perhaps not. But he has such—such—" She was at loss for a word. "*Such* eyes, and *such* a smile, and *such* a voice."

"Well, I hope some of you—one of you women—had the common sense to ask him to call, though common sense, as a rule, is not your strong point," said the old man.

"Did *you* ask him to come, grandpa?"

"Of course I did, Miss."

"Well, so did I. And I gave him leave to do so when he asked it."

"And *you*, Mrs. Rockharrt?" inquired the old man, turning to his small wife.

"I—I didn't. I wasn't sure you'd like me to ask him," hesitatingly replied the timid woman.

"You might have known that I would have liked you to do so, if you had had any sense at all. But you haven't. Good night, Cora. Good night, boys. I'm going to bed," exclaimed the family despot, striding out of the room.

This motion broke up the family circle for the night, as they all followed his example.

Early the next morning Mr. Fabian started by the express train for North End to inspect the works.

A little later Mr. Clarence went to the Legislature Library to read.

Later still, Mr. Rockharrt went out on business connected with his charter.

Mrs. Rockharrt went across the street to make a long call on an old crony.

"What will you do with yourself, my dear, this long forenoon?" she inquired.

"Sit here and wait for Rule," replied the girl.

"What! is he coming?"

"I don't know. I asked him to luncheon to-day, or to come at any time."

"Oh! then I will not stay long at Mrs. Jackson's."

"Don't hurry yourself, grandma. If Rule comes I will send Jerome across for you."

"Very well, my dear," said the old lady, as she left the room.

Cora sat in the drawing-room, waiting; but the forenoon passed and the hoped-for visitor did not appear.

Mrs. Rockharrt returned in time for luncheon, and the day was spent quietly.

The gentlemen, except Mr. Fabian, who remained at the works—*as he said*—returned in time for the late dinner. But Rule did not come.

Two days went by, and still Mr. Rothsay did not take advantage of the cordial invitation given him.

Cora felt vexed and disappointed. She did not take into consideration the public duties of the young Assemblyman, or how these duties would most likely be very zealously performed by a newly elected and enthusiastic man.

On the third evening, however, Rule came. Mrs. Rockharrt and Cora were alone.

Mr. Rockharrt had gone to keep an appointment with one of the State Senators who was interested in the projected railroad.

Mr. Fabian had not yet returned from—the works.

Mr. Clarence had gone to a lecture on "Ant Life."

Rule came in, announced as before as—

"Mr. Whatsay."

Cora smiled at the blunder, as she went forward to meet him.

Rule took the hand the young girl held out, bowed over it, and went on to Mrs. Rockharrt, who stood up to welcome him.

The next minute the three were seated around a table drawn under the gas light, and covered with books, pamphlets and the latest magazines.

"This reminds me of the old times when you were all so good to a certain little bare-legged lad, who was always so proud to run your errands," said Rule, in his plain way, but with his sweet voice and winning smile.

"Those were very happy days, the happiest of my whole life," Cora assented.

"Yes, they were very happy days to the lad. But he must have been a great nuisance to the dainty little lady who was his first teacher. He was a rude, unkempt, tattered little urchin!"

"But always clean, and bright, and gentle as a queen's son—should be," added Cora.

"It is like you to say so," he replied.

"But it is true! I see us both as we used to sit in that back porch—I cutting, and snipping, and sewing at my doll's dresses. You—I see you plainest of all, when you were writing your copies, sitting at a little table Uncle Fabian gave us out of his own room, bending over your copying slate, with your elbows squared and your tongue bitten between your lips. You always did that when you were taking great pains. I never even tried to cure you of that bad habit. Do you still bite your tongue when you are taking great pains with your speeches, Ru—Mr. Rothsay?"

"Oh, do call me by the child name as you were about to do! No one has called me so for years and years. And I miss my childhood in missing the name," he pleaded, even more eloquently with the gentle eyes than with the soft voice.

"Well, Rule, do you still bite your tongue when you write?"

"I—never remember to have done so at any time," he said, with a smile.

"Oh, yes you did! But it was so long ago that you have forgotten! Oh, so long ago, Rule! Looking back, it seems but yesterday. Thinking of it, it seems ages ago! It makes me feel quite old! Yet I am not quite twenty yet! How old are you, Rule?"

"A little more than twenty-five."

"Oh! how fast you have got on!"

"There have been many others who have got on faster."

"Yes—perhaps so, and these have been your inspirations—

'Lives of great men all remind us,' &c."

"These have been my exemplars, not my inspiration. Yet I had an ever-burning inspiration, even from my boyhood," he said, bending his eloquent eyes upon her face.

"And what was that?" she asked, casting *her* eyes down.

"To merit a little lady's friendship," answered the young man, gravely and tenderly.

"And who is she?" inquired the girl, not that she did not know, but that she wished to hear him say.

"Cora Haught," he answered, softly. And Cora thought that never before had she heard her name syllabled in such melody.

"And you remembered me all those years, while you were working, struggling on, even after we had ceased our childish letter-writing to each other? Oh, how pleasant that is to know of, Rule. And I thought of you too, Rule, all that time. I followed every step of your upward progress. I read all your editorials in the *Watch*, and all your speeches that were reported in other papers. And in this last political campaign, oh, what a partisan I was! And when you were elected, who so triumphant as I? I was wild with delight! Was I not, grandma?" she said, suddenly turning and appealing to the old lady.

"Yes, Mr. Rothsay, she was. I never saw her so enthusiastic before. It was all because the young friend of her childhood had achieved so much by his own might."

"By the blessing of the Divine Providence on his efforts, my dear lady."

"Yes, Mr. Rothsay, that is true. And Cora was overjoyed. But she never expected to see you again—never, Mr. Rothsay."

"Dear lady," said Regulas, taking the little white hand in his own and speaking very softly, "will you please do me a great kindness? Will you call me by the boy's name you used in the sweet old time? Listen, madam: I have not a kinsman or a kinswoman in all this world. I am, perhaps, the loneliest man on earth, and the feeling of loneliness in this populous world, so full of happy family relations, depresses and even weakens. No one calls me by my name! I am 'Mr. Rothsay' to everybody! May I not be 'Rule' to you?"

"Yes, dear boy! yes! for you do seem a boy to me, for all your great beard—when you look at me with little Rule's big, soft eyes."

"Thank you, lady, thank you!" said Regulas, lifting the little, shrivelled hand to his lips and then laying it gently on her lap.

"It *is* sad for one to have no kindred in all the world, isn't it, now, Cora?" deprecatingly inquired Mrs. Rockharrt, as in apology for her little burst of feeling.

"Yes," breathed the girl, in a very low voice.

"And it is weak and absurd in any one to complain of such a condition!" exclaimed the young man, pulling himself up with a laugh. "But you see I wanted you to call me by my boyish name."

"And it was wicked in you to forget that I was your little sister by adoption, Rule," said Cora.

"Where is Clarence? Has Fabian got home yet? Why is the gas not lighted in my study?"

It was the voice of Old Aaron Rockharrt, who had come upon them unawares. He had let himself in by his latch-key, and even his heavy footfalls had not been heard in the deep softness of the Turkey carpet.

Regulas stood up.

"Oh, Mr. Rothsay! Glad to see you! Wished to have a talk with you about— But stay! I will return in a moment," said the old man; and after shaking hands with his visitor he stalked off to ring for his man and give some orders.

"Oh, Rule," whispered Cora, "I am so glad that grandfather appreciates you so highly. I do not believe that there is any one who thinks more of you than he does. And I know that there is no one he esteems so highly as yourself. He is a cynic and a pessimist, you know. He really believes the most of the human race to be dishonest, untruthful, and utterly untrustworthy. He recognizes that *you* are the opposite of all these. He knows that you are. It is your truth and honesty that attracts him, Rule. With your other traits of character, with your broad charity, your enlightened philanthropy, he has no sympathy, Rule. He can have none!—Here he comes back again."

Old Aaron Rockharrt entered, attended by Jerome bringing two tall wax candles in silver candlesticks.

"Come into my study, Mr. Rothsay. I wish to call your attention to some of the conditions of the desired charter, and this is the best opportunity of doing so," he said.

The young man arose with a sigh and a smile, and said:

"I will bid you good night at once, then, dear Mrs. Rockharrt, for we are likely to be late over our subject, and I must not keep you up."

He shook hands with each lady, and followed his leader from the room.

This ended the social evening.

Mrs. Rockharrt and her granddaughter soon retired to bed.

But it was late before Regulas Rothsay was permitted to depart. Later still when Mr. Clarence let himself in with his latch-key.

CHAPTER XIV.

"NO MORE ALONE."

No more alone thro' the world's wilderness,
Altho' I trod the paths of high intent,
I journey'd now; no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds that wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour that burst my spirit's sleep,
And from that hour did I with earnest thought heap knowledge.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

After this Regulas Rothsay came often and more often, until at length he passed every evening with the Rockharrts when they were at home.

Old Aaron Rockharrt esteemed him as he esteemed very, very few of his fellow-creatures. Mrs. Rockharrt really loved him. Mr. Fabian and Mr. Clarence liked him. Cora admired and honored him. He was made so welcome in the family circle that he felt himself quite at home among them.

Mrs. Rockharrt often referred to him very affectionately in his absence.

"I declare," she said to Cora one day, "that huge, red-bearded man has little Rule's lovely eyes and gentle voice, as if the child was still looking out from behind the noble mask of the man's face."

At another time she said:

"I never in my life saw a man of so much intellectual power and activity with such childlike frankness and simplicity."

Cora seldom answered these observations except by a single word of assent.

Besides spending so many evenings with the Rockharrts at their own fireside, Regulas Rothsay often met them abroad, at parties, balls or parlor concerts, to which he and they had been invited.

On these occasions joined them, and was welcomed.

People who saw him always in attendance on the Rockharrts, and showing an affectionate interest in all of them that he was too frank and simple to conceal, began to say, first, that Miss Haught was the attraction; then, that the young people were lovers; finally, that they were engaged to be married. But none of this was true.

From the beginning—whenever it had been—Rule and Cora had loved too deeply and truly, though half unconsciously, to "fall in love" now, in a city drawing-room.

The season went on. More urgent business before the Assembly delayed the presentation of the railroad bill.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockharrt and Cora always went to the "House" when it was known "Rothsay" was to speak.

And it was always a fresh delight and marvel to both women to see the transfiguration of the man that ensued on these occasions, when any question vital with interest to humanity came up before the Assembly. Then the great, clumsy, overgrown boy with the kind eyes and the soft voice, kindled flame-like into the orator, inspired, eloquent, authoritative, convincing, carrying everything before him.

Cora's soul thrilled, glowed, rejoiced, triumphed in him, as she looked and listened.

"And to think he is our Rule, grandma!" she would afterwards say. "Our, *our* Rule! He belongs to no one but us—and his country—he has no relations but us, by affinity. Our glorious Rule!"

When the Christmas holidays drew near, Sylvan Haught came home to spend them with his relations. He brought a better record than ever before, and expressed his conviction that by the next summer he should be ready to pass an examination for West Point.

"Where is—'The Rose whom all admire'?" he chanted to his sister.

"I don't know," answered Cora. "We have not seen her since we parted in Baltimore, between two and three years ago."

"But haven't you heard from her?"

"Not for a year or more. You see, at grandpa's suggestion, grandma wrote to her at intervals, inviting her to visit us at Rockhold, but she never accepted the invitation; and so at length the correspondence gradually died out."

"And a good job, too—'The Rose that all admire,'" whistled the youth.

"Sylvan, as a mere matter of curiosity, I would like to know why you dislike Mrs. Stillwater so much?" inquired Cora.

"'Still water runs deep' and might drown a fellow before he knows where he is."

"Nonsense! Don't play on her name. Everybody seems to think her as amiable as she is beautiful. Now why do you dislike her?"

"*I* don't know. Do *you*? I know why I dislike a snake, and avoid the poison oak, and all that, but hang ME if I know why I dislike *her*; but I *do*, and that is the sacred truth. 'The Rose that all admi-er.'"

"Oh, *hush*! I'm tired of that. Ah! here comes Mr. Rothsay!" exclaimed Cora, glancing through the front window.

"Mr.—*which*?" demanded the youth.

"'Mr.—which!' Is that your academic style? Mr. Rothsay, I said. Come, look at him! He is on the opposite side of the street, coming down the State House steps. You can see him from this window."

Sylvan went to the side of the window. Rule was now crossing the street towards the house.

"Is *that* Rule Rothsay?"

"Yes, it is."

"What a great, big, red-bearded monster!"

"You little wretch!" blazed Cora, turning fiercely upon the boy.

Rule entered, and Cora's brow cleared.

"This is Sylvan, Mr. Rothsay. You remember my brother?" said the girl.

"Oh! yes, indeed, though he was a very little lad when I saw him, years ago," said Rule, with his rare smile, as he shook hands with the youth.

"He is three years younger than I am; he is nearly seventeen now. He is a student of the Franklin Collegiate School, preparing for West Point."

"Ah! you will be a soldier. Well, the army is a necessary evil."

The entrance of Mr. Rockharrt stopped the conversation, for he greeted Rule Rothsay only to carry him off to his study to talk of "the bill."

Both Houses of the Legislature adjourned on Christmas Eve, to meet again on the second of January.

Old Aaron Rockharrt invited his favorite to come to the house as their guest for Christmas week, and Mrs. Rockharrt so warmly joined in the invitation that Rule gladly accepted the proffered hospitality.

The seven days that followed, in the house where he was received and treated as a son,

were perhaps the happiest days that the family had ever known.

After the Christmas holidays were over Sylvan returned to college.

On the second of January the Assembly met again. The first business taken up was that of the bill to charter the projected railroad. It was prosecuted by Mr. Rothsay, and referred to the proper committee.

No matter how obviously right and proper to be passed a bill may be, there are in every Assembly a number of members who oppose it. It has to run a gauntlet, to pitch it darn, and tortures it for days and weeks before they either kill it or pass it. This is their business.

The charter bill was reported with certain amendments, sent back again and reported again. With modified amendments, laid on the table, taken up, and generally tormented for three days, and then passed by a small majority.

Rule had conscientiously done his best; but the bill in question, though heartily approved of was not one in which he could rise to enthusiasm.

And this was the result.

Old Aaron Rockhartt thanked him stiffly.

"You have worked it through, sir! No one but you could have done it. I am glad it is a wonder that ever you could do so much with a set of pig-headed rascals as our Assembly men. And now, will it pass the Senate? That is what I want to know."

"I believe it will," Mr. Rockhartt. I have been speaking to many of the Senators on the subject, and find them well disposed to favor it," said Rule.

"Well, sir, the bill was seen taken up by the Senate, and after very much the same treatment as had received in the Assembly, was sadly thumped by the ax, and finally passed—again by a small majority.

Old Aaron Rockhartt was disappointed, in his sullen, dogged and undemonstrative way. But having gained his ends, for which he said he had come to the city, he ordered his family to pack up, and he expected to leave town for Rockhartt next week.

Rule's heart gave a throb, but little did wife suspect to urge. "Him to carry the treasure fifth of January, and—"

Madame Sloan spoke when have you begun to set up your will in opposition to mine?" stiffly demanded the autocrat.

Mrs. Rockhartt winced and collapsed.

There was no more to be said, by her at least.

A little later young Mr. Clarence took up the argument.

"Father," he said, "do you not think we might stay a few weeks longer? The weather is very severe and our country house is very cold. Then you a warm and kind wife and mother's delicate frame. And besides, Cora has not been well, and—"

"Cora is not going to be sick that I am sometimes tempted to think that you were changed in your cradle and put a child of mine and your mother's," and the despot, after staring the young man out of countenance.

But the worst was to come.

When all the household were assembled at breakfast on the next day, he said:

"Now look you here, all of you! We are going to Rockhartt to-morrow. I do not wish to have any company there. Do you hear, Clarence? I hate company! I hate company! I am going to the country to get rid of company. So see that you do not, any of you, invite any one to visit me."

A little pause of silence fell upon the family group; for more than one guest had been thought of as a relief to the monotony of Rockhartt.

Mr. Frisbie was the first to speak. He had spoke in the interest of his mother and his sister, both of whom he knew to have much pleasure in the society of Rule.

Mayn't we make an exception in the case of your friend, Rothsay?" he inquired.

Most certainly not. I will have nobody, absolutely nobody—as honest Jean-and-Baptiste Bonbonbery is an honest Jean-and-Baptiste Bonbonbery—to spend a single hour of my life in, to, or from, Rockhartt. But the bill was a good thing in itself, observe. He had mind enough to recognize that fact, and of course it was his duty, and so more than his duty, to support it. That only I have to say. Now, let me hear no more about visitors at Rockhartt. I won't have any."

This certainly ended the discussion. Not another word was said on the subject by any one present.

The next day was spent in active preparations for departure.

Cora went out in the carriage to leave cards of address at the houses of all her friends, and her grandmother's city friends, while Mrs. Rockhartt remained at home to superintend the packing.

In the evening Rule Rothsay came and was told of the intended departure.

"Rockhartt, so suddenly! Oh, how I shall miss you!" he said, frankly and simply.

Ah! how the kind-hearted old lady leaped to say!

Come down by the express every Saturday night and stay over Sunday with us. Come down any day when the House is not in session, and spend it with us. You will be so happy to have you."

But Rule was forbidden by Mr. Rockhartt to do this, and she dared not disobey his commands.

She felt a sort of shame at conscious rudeness in omitting the invitation that seemed to be obligatory under the circumstances.

It seems," she said to herself, "as if Mr. Rockhartt is having cruel the country for the purpose of a social out of him, meant to drop him at once. It is very mysterious."

Nor did Cora suffer less than her grandmother.

When Rule asked her on parting that night: "When shall I see you again?"

She wished to reply:

"Whenever you please to come to Rockhartt."

But she was forbidden to do this, and her cheeks burned with humiliation at her seeming want of politeness as she answered:

"Next season, I hope, we shall be in town again."

Rule looked disappointed and saddened.

"May I write to you sometimes?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Of course. Please do so often as you can. I will be a very punctual correspondent," she answered, evasively.

And then he pressed her hand, dropped it coldly, and went away.

The next morning the Rockhartt family left town for their country place, where they arrived early in the afternoon.

Rule Rothsay remained at the works for a week or more, and sent Mrs. Rockhartt and Cora Haught home to Rockhold in the back from the North Reid forest.

Mrs. Rockhartt was very glad of this arrangement, for, as she secretly said to herself, of the house were not expecting the family so soon, they might not be prepared for them. In which case, if anything was wrong, she could suggest before the arrival of the big bugaboo.

They found the house shut up, damp and cold, the servants guiltless of being taken unawares.

Nancy Gaudy cold, damp, close air struck chilly through to the bones of one of the party.

Even Cora, with all her warm, young blood, shivered in that atmosphere.

"It was heartless, it was perfectly devilish, to shut up the house in this way, and leave it to be damned, in confinement.

"Hush! hush! my child! You must not say such things," said Mrs. Rockhartt.

"Well, I see, then, dear grandma. And I both to say that I am glad that you have come to the house at last. But come into the kitchen. There is a good fire there, I suppose. And sit and rest, and tell Miss Sloan make you a hot cup of tea. Kitty, bring that arm-chair for your mistress," said the old lady.

And then, having seen her grandmother established by the easy-chair in the chimney corner of the kitchen, and the preparations for tea well on the way, Cora left the old lady in the care of the cook, placed herself in charge of the chief housekeeper, and went all through the vast-like building, leaving doors and windows opened and good fires kindled in every room.

This took two hours, at the end of which, she came back to the kitchen for breakfast, where she found still seated by the kitchen fire, warmed and comfortable, Mrs. Rockhartt, Nancy Gaudy and Haught Dynut.

"For Heaven's sake, try to do the best—the very best you can, Miss. You know that your grandmother likes her comforts."

"Well, old servant, we've got bones and tongues to do smoke bones and ears' beat' ay' guess' pork is the most handy, but to take hours to fix that bill, ah! we'll get plenty o' poultry by' and' by' and' by' and'

become a brother of St. Benedict when you retire from the world."

"Little doubt of that," said Otto. "I have a great mind to do so (verse last) but shall choose a less rigid order."

"What order?"

"You must decide on that. Recollect the contract between us (read over) when we have finished our game of chess together."

A long pause ensued after the postulant had replied to the last question addressed to him. All the monks present, with the exception of the abbot, looked continuously at the tablet, who well knew by what means the mind of the rough Landskneeter had been brought upon, possibly to become one of his future flock.

Such were the lay interests at last decided him, and risked him his favour he commenced that the prayer of the suppliant was granted.

At the last words recited the lips, the head, the assistant initiate broke from the door and edged his way through the crowd of monks present. He did it deal away in fairer succeeding from something more like a funeral dirge than the solemn strains of the organ hymn in which the church announces its joy.

Otto was received into it on account of the rites and surrogates of the ancient church, and a pass over what followed, merely stating that the vows were received, the habit given and the rough soldier duly admitted a brother of the order of St. Benedict. Then the abbot and the rest of the procession with the rule of the community took place accompanied a second time that of his old friend Conrad, but it was without speaking. He felt that a powerful mind had been extended over his.

The messenger of the Palsgrafenstein (Landskneeter) he judged the new-made brother probably must have arrived that day or the day before.

"Tell your sovereign lord," said Otto, "that I am now a monk of this convent. The bonds of his vassal are broken. I may not acknowledge to belong only to the church, and the church knows no lords but God and Christ."

The soldier bowed silently. He was not the person to traverse the assertion while a word of defiance might have provoked. An old man could not be quitted the abbey, and in three days received the benediction of the abbot, and the habit of a lay monk was arranged. It was the simple garb of the most ascetical order under the command of Leander, the brother of Gallagio, the terror of the lords of Baden being slightly in advance.

Otto was now under the special countenance of the Palsgrafen as he intended to be of Conrad. The secret which for so many years had been confided to him was now disclosed, and he was free to burst over him. When all he came to see him, and the two friends were left alone, and their discourse was what it was in the days of old. Otto wished to be alone.

Conrad was the only one glad to escape without the ceremony of a farewell.

The second luncheon he (must need the limits of an hour) brought the old friends had so unexpectedly received. Had the abbot refused to see the soldier, or had the soldier refused to see him, how gravely surprised him, and how would it have overthrown into the community still suspected and those in the superstitious? Such were the questions Otto. Neither had have claimed his victim there was no fear of the Palsgrafenstein.

"Now, then, pardon" he continued, "I can understand them in your house, and they dread the power of the Palsgrafenstein. But here—"

"Good!" he said. "The knaves know me. Do you suppose that I am to be frightened by a parcel of monks? Not one of them would dare to lift a finger against my brother."

"Perfectly. Pray proceed."

"Well, then, your instructions faithfully, and, beyond all complicity, and conceal my connection, and I will reward you beyond your deserts."

"Oh, no; you have already indeed."

"What do I mean?"

"Why, that you must trust you were really not discovered by any want of courage, but because you be lighter and my courage stronger."

"Ah, Father Otto," said he, "there is nothing genial in the sound of a naked blade, but the sight of a naked blade, but the lips alone. No one than it did can measure the length of the sword, the dodge, and changed his tactics.

"Why, then, do you suppose he demanded, "I am not to have the trains fitted from the provinces of the abbey, will only give you information to spread your Alsatia? The abbey is well fortified, and your brightness."

"And well defended?"

"As a knight alone, by nearly a thousand men, to say nothing of their bows, amongst whom I have a hundred of the best archers in the Landskneeter Otto of Bold and Landskneeter, with others whose names and rank I am not acquainted with."

"Ah, Father Benedict, you bring me valuable intelligence, and you connect that I am dissatisfied with the way in which you have acted the friend to the contrary."

He tossed a well-filled purse to his messenger, who, bowing to Father Otto, had been dismissed in many a daring crime. Hence his wish to the abbot, and his wish to be rid of him, that he might successfully, as Hannon would have been be known.

"Since it is your wish to remain," he continued, "I will not send you to the castle, as I proposed. You will be safer here, and I am not considered that when great deeds are to be performed, between and gold to be won, a brave man like yourself will be found wanting."

"I am not wanting in will, and you know it."

"Ah, my friend lord!" exclaimed Hendricks, kneeling and laying his head on Conrad's knee. "I would die to save you."

"Not yet, I hope, for a few seconds is distress. I believe you are sold at first."

"You may," added the reasoned ruffian. "The words came from the heart."

"Does the fool think to pull us?" murmured Conrad, and then added aloud, "Rise, my friend, and hear me. Some days my faith in you was shaken, the word to scorn. I know a better way."

Touching the scar upon the dresser, he continued aloud, in a familiar tone:

"Hendricks, you must go and post the onward Pass the forbidden to you. You shall command my faithful Landskneeters. Work is to be done; lands will be confiscated and be the spoil of the gallery gold. Go by to every presence. The enemy must be met in the field, and not suffered to be shortening the abbey, will you, my friend, and be sent so largely, will how the head and one for the rest?"

"It shall succeed!" exclaimed Hendricks, enthusiastically.

"It will—it must," repeated the tempter. "I have to think the world can be governed by the Landskneeters, and the Landskneeters by me. She has hated my friend Cortez that, and he knows, should be leveled with the earth.

"Ah, my friend lord!" said the faithful Vetone his hearer shuddered. It had not been made known to him that the Landskneeters were to be beaten and the abbey was generally believed to be one of its chiefs.

"How then, angry?" continued Aeon. "Dismiss the empty fear as I directed; spread evenly the news of the Pass, and let it be seen that I am with you. Where is the use of a head and a right hand in the meeting, in presence of my troops, the appointment of the officers, and the rest? I have not only I reward devotion in my service but punish the faithless."

The new appointed Duke of the Landskneeters, after renewing his protestations of fidelity, quitted the hall reluctantly.

A few hours later the forces of Cuyenda, Archbishop of Mayence, and Count Otto of Bold arrived in the house of the emperor. When the Palsgrave saw the leaders riding side by side, a dark suspicion entered his heart.

"His duplicity!" he muttered to himself.

"Let the gates be closed, and the men cease, or were they ready here? He would have given much to tell. At a council held that same night in the hall of Henry, it was decided to advance at once against Cortez.

They were only some twelve leagues distant.

(To be continued.)

—There are none that fall so unpitied as those that have raised themselves upon the spoils of the public.

FROM PILLAR TO POST.

The Story of an Outcast.

By MAJOR ALFRED ROCHEFORT.

*In order that new readers of the Ledger may begin with the following number, and fully understand it, just the scene as though they had been at all from the beginning, we now, as a synopsis of that portion of it which has already appeared. Ralph Rolland, a young lawyer, who was in Cuba for his health, meets Lopez, who had fled to California when he was a child, and left him to the care of a merchant named Rolland, a New York merchant then in San Francisco. Roland, wishing to be revenged upon Lopez, who had married his daughter with Mrs. Lopez, a mate of one of his own vessels, to carry the boy off and consigns him to Rolland, who sails with him in the same vessel in the wreck of the steamer in which they were sailing. Rolland, who had been saved, and who had found a large sum money and returned to New York, where he became a prosperous citizen. His daughter, Ida Rolland, was young, rich, and a queen of most estimable disposition. He had an old friend named Lopez, who died in Cuba, and who had been left when dying in his custody and the supposed heroic to be the natural daughter of Paul and his wife. Nearly twenty years after Conrad Rolland returned from California, Ada Trigger (Miss Rolland's friend) and Ralph Rolland, the Officer Westcroft, whom he had supposed to be dead, was in his Rolland's own employ, under the name of Paul Wells, and was discharged for being accused of passing counterfeit money, was questioned by Rolland, and told his story, which was true for the most part. Rolland, on examination, found that he had been discharged, and on returning to New York was met by Ralph Rolland, who had returned from Cuba, and who had been employed by Conrad Rolland to look into their affairs in an old canal boat, which was abandoned, and which was stranded not far from the residence of Rolland. Ralph Rolland, in the meantime, had become acquainted with Ada Trigger, and during that Paul—to whom he had taken a great liking—was employed by Rolland to act generally, on him a situation in the establishment of Rolland & Co. Ralph Rolland, who was left in charge of the house of Rolland & Co., Mr. Rolland's daughter, Maud, who was the bosom friend of Miss Rolland, and Ada Trigger, who was of private detective and had named Charity Carp, who was a spy upon Paul Wells, and who had been employed by Rolland to watch Paul Wells, and Tupper to put the young man out of the way, but Paul Wells, who had been saved from the wreck, set from Tupper two Dutch German Davis, and Ralph Rolland, who had been employed by Rolland to act as detective, was employed by Rolland to act as detective, as refused to reveal anything further. Rolland, who had been saved from the wreck, set from Tupper two Dutch German Davis, and Ralph Rolland, who had been

IF I WERE YOU.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

If I were you, my precious maid,
Whose every look is sweet and good,
I would not in such public place,
Old bronzes crowd, display my face,
Nor long's silent, nor rudely stare
At objects on the thoroughfare,
Nor flirt as many do I see.
If I were you.

If I were you, I would not be
On short acquaintance quite so free;
Nor would I capriciously pull
Few things that are not worth a rush.
For though my pleasure might be great,
I would not be so fickle-pate;
But let my words be choice and few,
If I were you.

If I were you, I would not waste
In quiet circles to revolve,
Nor spend my days and nights, dear girl,
Within the merry maddening whirl
Of pleasure, for it leads astray,
And all is dazzle and disguise.
I would not such a life pursue,
If I were you.

If I were you, my heart I'd hold
Above the price of mere gold;
Nor be in haste with it to part
Where I could not be certain
What real gracious life I'd find,
The ornaments of my oldest friend,
Beginning now my life anew,
If I were you.

MISSENT.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

It was the night before Christmas. It had snowed during the day; the snow had then turned to rain, and the rain to hail as the afternoon grew colder; and now as the night grew still colder and colder it seemed likely to settle down for a heavy snowstorm.

"A nasty night," thought old Captain Warren; "a night on which I would scarcely turn a dog out of doors, and yet there are those at that moment a long knock sounded on the door panel, and Margery Warren, the captain's pretty daughter and only child, started up with a cry.

"What's the matter, my girl? Surely there's nothing so frightful in a knock at the door exposed to the universal rain-war, wherever it may chance to be. Bertie Jones, I'll be bound, or some one of the rest, come a second time on such a night as this."

Thus solaced, Margery hastened to open the door; and with the opening of it rushed in a volume of wind, and hail, and snow that almost blew out the lamp on the table, a man, wrapped in a long Spanish-looking cloak, his face almost hidden by the folds of the wide-brimmed felt hat that he wore over his forehead, and the collar of the cloak on the throat. Before he had time even to cry out in astonishment, Captain Warren, with the hearty hospitality for which every one knew him to be remarkable, bade him enter.

"Come in, come in, whoever you may be, sir," he called out, in a jovial voice. "If you have One Not Wanted, I would scarcely refuse you a station tonight."

The stranger entered, removing his hat and cloak, and shaking the weather-drops from them as he did so, and revealed a figure of unusual elegance and a dark Spanish face, with deep, glowing black eyes that found their way in one swift look to the bosom of sweet Margery Warren's heart.

Tall, dark, and handsome in appearance, he called himself with ease and finesse. It was, indeed, as Captain Warren learned from the stranger in the course of the evening, his mother-tongue. Juan Arrieta was the son of a Spanish father, but his mother had been a fair English girl, and it was from her that he inherited the dash of gold that brightened his dark locks and gave the last touch of fascination to his dark, handsome, Spanish face.

Now, I doubt that day, he told Captain Warren, intending to go on to Boston; but, being a stranger, he had somehow missed his way and lost his train, and consequently sincerely grateful for Captain Warren's hospitable invitation to spend the night where he was, instead of going forth in the storm again in search of an inn.

The next day was Christmas, and it would be a poor sort of a breach of good manners on the part of Captain Warren not to have invited the accidental guest to take his Christmas dinner with himself and daughter. So the young man stayed, and after that he stayed on from day to day, till Captain Warren began to wonder why his journey to Boston was so long delayed.

One day an acquaintance of the captain met him in the street, saying tone, when the weddding was to take place; and he was pained that it was already spoken of as an understood affair that Margery Warren and the handsome stranger—who might have dropped from the clouds on Christmas Eve, for aught that New London knew to the contrary—were to pair off in bonds of wedlock with each other.

The captain was startled and troubled, and determined to talk to his young people that very night, and have the matter settled at once. And he did so.

The girl admitted at once that her heart was gone, but added that she was happy enough in the knowledge of having a better one given to her in exchange; but why had it not been told? When was the marriage to be?

"Why, I don't know that I have yet about that. He is all that is good and kind, but there are difficulties—he finds——"

"His family?" interrupted Captain Warren, with a dark, angry flush that seldom stained his clear, honest cheek; "is he not a gentle-cooped man," and who and what are his family? For they were Cashmere nobles my girl would do them an honor in marrying into them."

Then Margery kissed away the look, angry flush, and soothed her father's seldom ruffled temper, and Captain Warren consented to wait until June should talk with him on the subject.

He did wait, day by day, and found his patience sorely tried by the necessity of so waiting; and at last the young man, and so much was that conversation Captain Warren requested Juan Arrieta to leave his house, and to drop forever all further acquaintance with his daughter. And so it was passed between them the captain never told Margery; but the girl took upon her to see the wrong and angrier than it had ever been before. He refused to discuss the matter with her, and declared his daughter to be hardened in heart against tenderness, but he sacrificing his own and her pain, beseeching love.

"No, my child," he said, "you must forget this stranger. My daughter shall never enter a family where she will be looked on as an interloper, nor wants the young man's mother or her life waiting for a husband who may never be a husband to her after all. I have not met a gentleman's man of honor—to put away the virgin love of a young girl's heart without a thought upon hopes and expectations to offer her. Forget him, Margery, and despise him, as I do. He is only worthy of contempt."

At these words Margery uttered an exceeding bitter cry and tried to throw her arms about her father's neck, but he put her from him more resolutely than he had ever done before, and that night Juan Arrieta left the house which he had entered as a guest, and the night to carry away its dearest treasure.

Of the three poor people Captain Warren suffered most from the step which his sense of honor and duty forced upon him, and no sleep visited his eyes that night. In the morning he began to fear that he might have been too hard with the child he so fondly loved. Perhaps it would have been better to have given the young people his consent for which the young man had engagement for which the young man had engagement for which his parents might, in time, have permitted his marriage with the girl of his heart, though they had destined him for a wealthy heiress in his own rank in life; and Margery's heart might break in the separation he had so sternly enforced. If the young people had appeared before him then,

but what father could love a daughter too much, and she had been all the world to him; he would not now see him the dear one before his bodily eyes.

A letter announcing her marriage would come on the next day, perhaps; and when the next passed, and the next, he felt sure it would come on the next. That must surely be the day of the week on which the post of a letter! It was none. He knew it would come.

Day followed day—five had passed away, and no letter came from Juan Arrieta. Then, unable to bear the locks of insolent conjecture that were fixed upon his daughter, pity still harder to endure, Captain Warren closed up his house, sold his furniture, and made, home to her mother in the village, and there, in the quiet country life, he and Margery lived out the days of my lesson being possessed of a stomach.

It was three years ago to-night" mused the poor old captain, who had never ceased to love his child, though his love had was while as deep, and still Arrieta had not written, but a line was now a farrow. "Oh, Margery! Margery! I wonder if you think of me, even when I mascot for the best! Did I drive you to the arms of death when I would save you from death, when I would have fain kept you from the bitterness of bale?"

The tides was never long absent from the fortune of the poor old man. Only seven days before this same night he had received a letter from again with an unutterable longing for the face and voice of his daughter, but where to go, and where—who could tell?—some were to be found, and Margery was lost to him.

Great tears came to his eyes, blotting out the picture of the fire and the room, as he sat before it, and as the bitter drops raised down his cheeks he remembered that he had not shed one such since the night when Margery had left him with his hands, he wept bitterly.

It was a fierce, wild night, and the wind, fairly hooked in upon him, and a cry of love and pain rang in his ears.

"Father! father! forgive me! Take me back! Father, my love! my love!" and then and love me once again."

The old man started. He had reached the end of his reverie, and he knew the cry was far away, and there on the threshold, lighted by the fire and the lamp, stood a young man, and as the snow upon her face and hands was scarcely visible, and upon her clothes, a little child, sleeping within her arms, and clasped close to her breast, in fear, even as it was passed between unexcited insensible and most welcome claims of love and pain.

"Margery! my child! my child! Is it indeed you?"

Captain Warren gathered daughter and child up in his arms together, and his warm tears fell upon them, and his voice was for the time called back a little warmth to the almost lifeless form of his child.

Hester and Bertie Parker had always been the dearest friends of the girl, not quite two years her senior, and when Margery had come to her own eyes but his own to look at Margery, or to speak a word to her, he could not.

They got her to bed at last, covered in soft warm blankets and fed with spoonfuls of wine of stimulant and nourishment between her lips, and then, when she was safe, and the child slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, they began to question her. They should be the first to hear the story of her wanderings, and to her pale cheek, and the flickering pulse were strong and faint.

"Let her sleep, sir," whispered Hester; "she is exhausted. Let her sleep."

"God bless you, my good girl, for saying so," answered the captain as he touched the little granddaughter gently in his arms.

The child slept like an angel, her cheek pillowed on his breast, and one little hand on his shoulder, while the other was buried in his bushy whiskers.

"The darling! the angel! And she said her name was Charlotte," murmured her grandfather, whose name was Charles; "she was named for me—my sweet Margery."

Hour after hour Captain Warren watched beside his daughter, while he busily reeked her child.

Once Hester stole in for a moment, near morning, and placed a letter in his hand.

"Mother has been keeping it for you, sir, ever since you went away," she said. "The postmaster gave it to her one such day, but we never knew where to send it."

Captain Warren looked at the letter, and began to tremble. The address was in Margery's hand, and it was dated on the next day after her flight—across the envelope was printed the word—"Missent."

He placed the child gently beside its mother and opened the letter.

"Darling father," it ran, "forgive me. We were married yesterday morning, and I am writing to you from the church. Though I am your child, I am also a child of God, and I must love him better than you. I would not have married you, Juan, if I had known that you would not forgive me, and I would not have done so now, but that I am sure that you will forgive me, and that we can easily married I know you will forgive us both. Write to us at the address inclosed."

"O my girl! my poor girl! It is for you to forgive," murmured Captain Warren, "What else must have suffered!"

But Margery's sufferings were over, not in this world, and the letter fell from the father's hand and sank and Charlotte. She had had a blessed life, but it lasted her all her life.

Juan Arrieta had been false in only one particular. His castles and his noble family, like his misery, were beautiful, but they remained in Spain. He was a penniless adventurer, but too young to know the truth when Captain Warren spoke to him. But he loved Margery with all his heart and soul, first, and always, and had worked unceasingly and everything

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by which he could earn an honest penny till sickness brought him to such poverty as might, well-do people don't even understand when it is told to them. It was then that Juan Arrieta had left his wife and child in the dead of winter to win her father's forgiveness, if he could.

He did succeed, nearly die; but forgiveness smoked and been waiting long enough to fall timely, fatally.

Christmas morning—happy Christmas—had come, and Captain Warren was still too ill to be about, but the next June his old friend, Juan Arrieta, came to New London with his wife and child, and Margery's heart was filled to the brim.

"Come! Margy Charlotte," Margery Christmas!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PANSY writes: "About two years ago I corresponded with a young gentleman of my acquaintance. He was very kind and attentive to me, and I felt that he loved me, and asked me to write to him. I did not think he was in earnest, so I answered in a jesting manner, and he has not written since. I feel very much grieved at his silence, and I am sure I would be very happy if he would write again. I am twenty-two years old, and have been told that although I am not handsome, I am very attractive. I do not think he was an only child, and would have all the property. I am very fond of him, and I do not like to give him up. Do you think I should write to him again? Or do you think he has changed his mind? Please advise me. I am very anxious to hear from you."

Your silence is unaccountable. You say you are fond of him, and you have been told you are very attractive. Why, then, do you not write to him? Do not be afraid that he was an only child, and would have all the property. Perhaps he thinks you are not fond of him, and that you are not attractive, and therefore does not care to write to you. We would have you write to him, and then, if he does not answer, you will know that he is not worthy of your notice.

ROSE writes: "Suppose I have an engagement with a young lady to go sleigh-riding on a certain day, and on the day before the time set for the ride I receive a note from the young lady, who is a near neighbor with my friend, but that she has gone to the country to visit her aunt, and that she will be back in time to go sleigh-riding with me on the day set. When I called for the young lady, her aunt told me that she had gone to the country to visit her aunt, and that she would